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FEATURE

COMICS

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12



DECEMBER
No. 117

The
DOLL MAN

PUTS
POLKA
DOT
ON THE
SPOT!

10¢



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY



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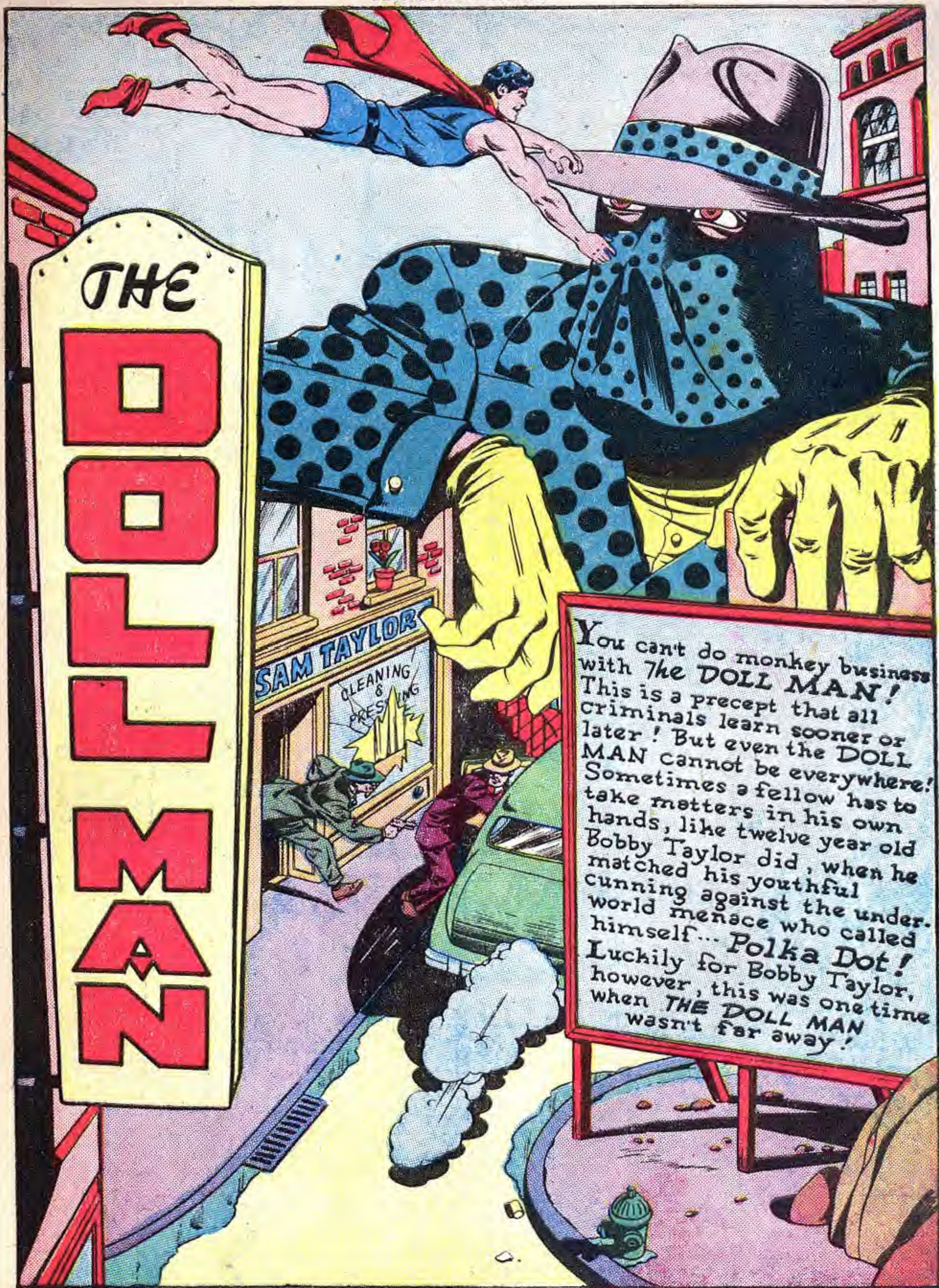
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You can't do monkey business with **THE DOLL MAN!** This is a precept that all criminals learn sooner or later! But even the DOLL MAN cannot be everywhere! Sometimes a fellow has to take matters in his own hands, like twelve year old Bobby Taylor did, when he matched his youthful cunning against the underworld menace who called himself... **Polka Dot!** Luckily for Bobby Taylor, however, this was one time when **THE DOLL MAN** wasn't far away!

One day as young Bobby Taylor returns from school...





Across the street, Darrel Dane and his fiancée, Martha Roberts, have just emerged from a movie theatre...



AS DARREL DANE, I'D ONLY BE ASKING FOR TROUBLE! I'D BETTER DUCK IN HERE AND BECOME **THE DOLL MAN!**



Only Martha Roberts and her father know Darrel's secret...that he is the Doll Man! By a great force of will, he compresses the molecules of his body to become the mighty mite!



JUST MADE IT! BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A FIRM HOLD!



OH, OH! THEY WOULD MAKE A SHARP TURN!



IT SHOOK ME LOOSE! I **NEARLY** HAD A BAD FALL!



Moments later, the Doll Man returns as Darrel Dane...

WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE HERE?

JUST A LITTLE ACCIDENT! IT'S NO CONCERN OF YOURS, STRANGER!

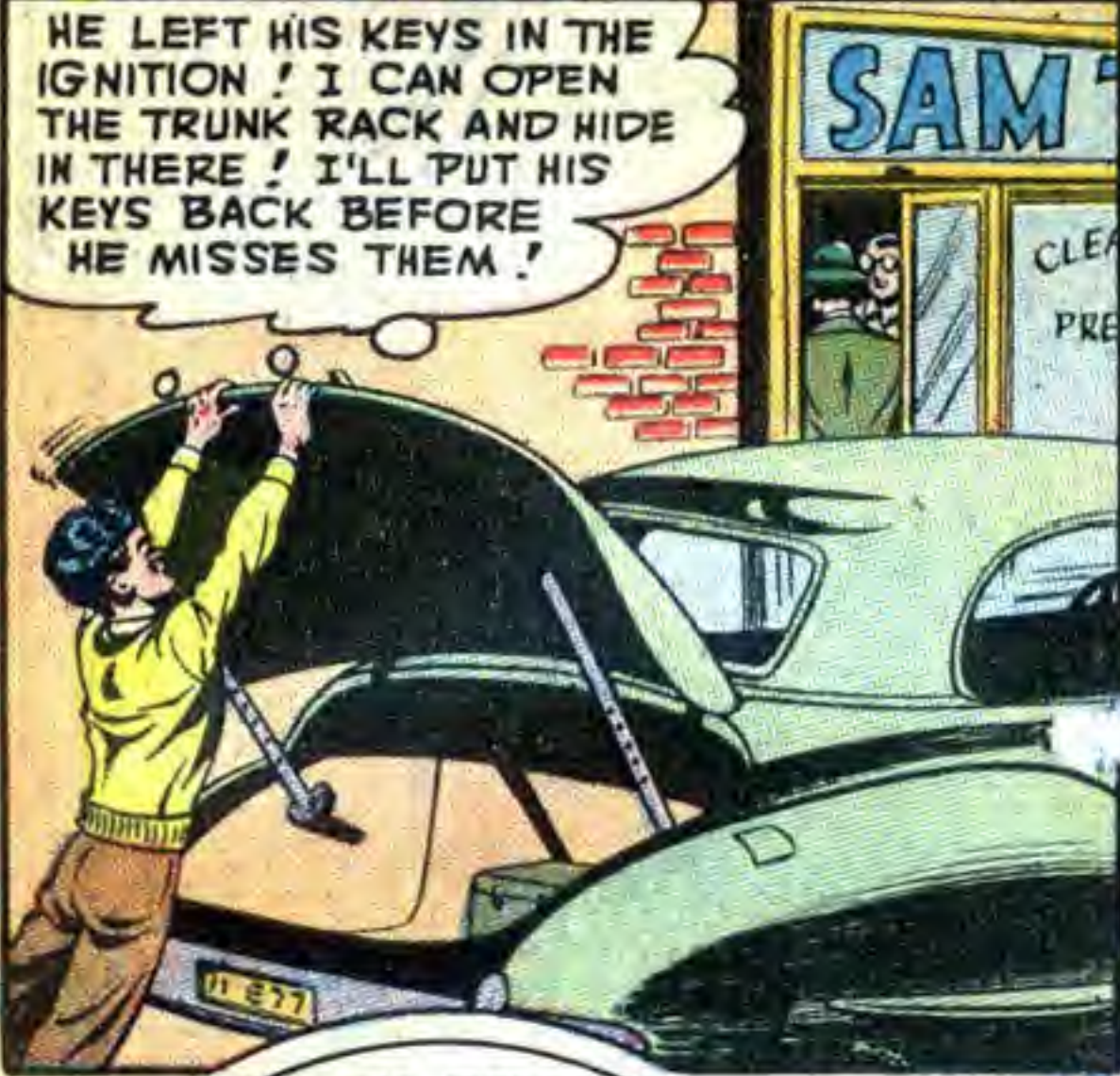


WHY WERE YOU AFRAID TO TELL HIM? IT WAS POLKA DOT'S MEN WHO THREW TEAR GAS TO BREAK UP THE MEETING!

I KNOW THAT! BUT THERE'S NOTHING ANY OF US CAN DO UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHO POLKA DOT IS! YOU HEARD WHAT MR. LORD SAID! BESIDES, IT'S DANGEROUS TO TALK ABOUT THIS TO STRANGERS!

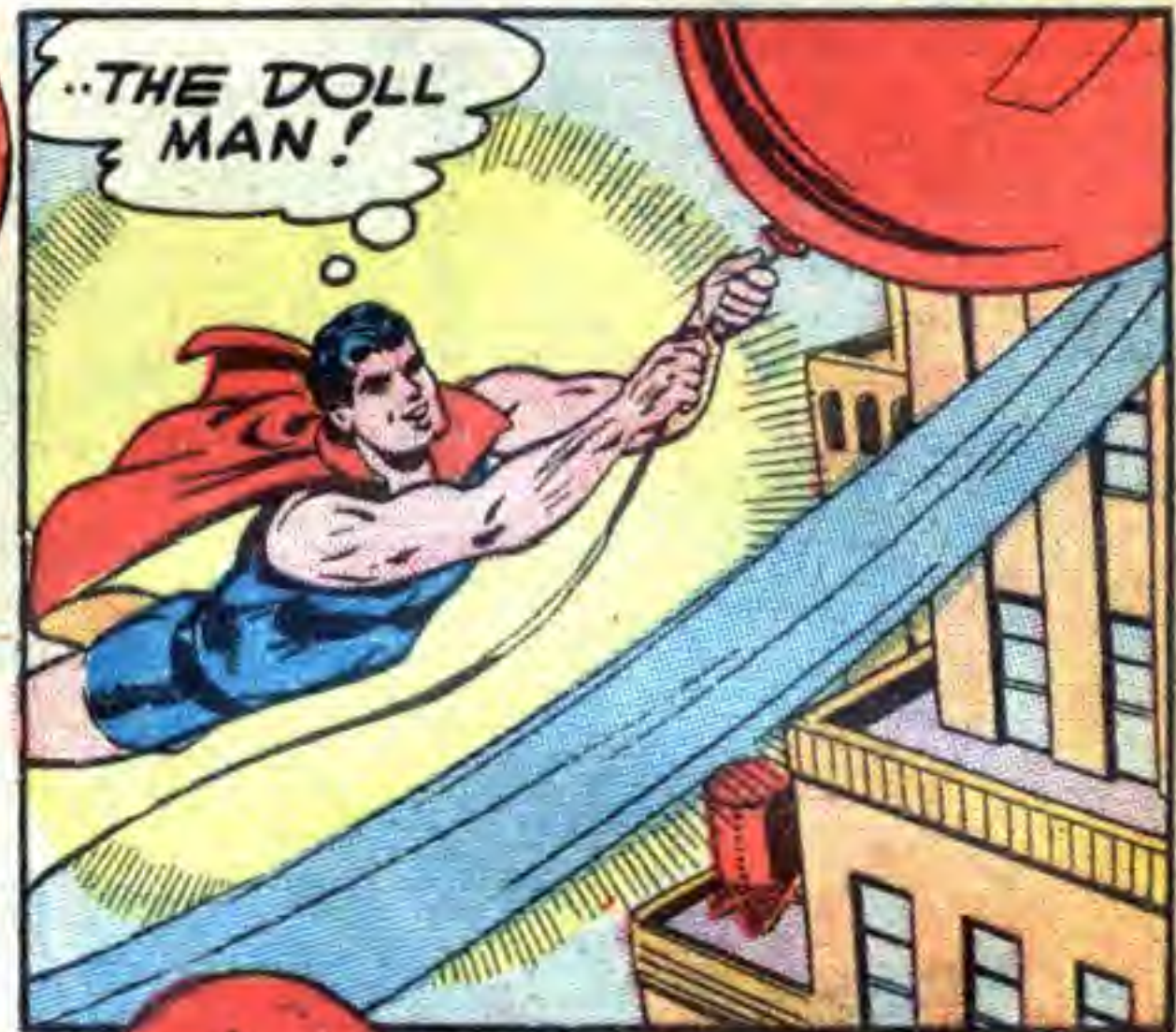


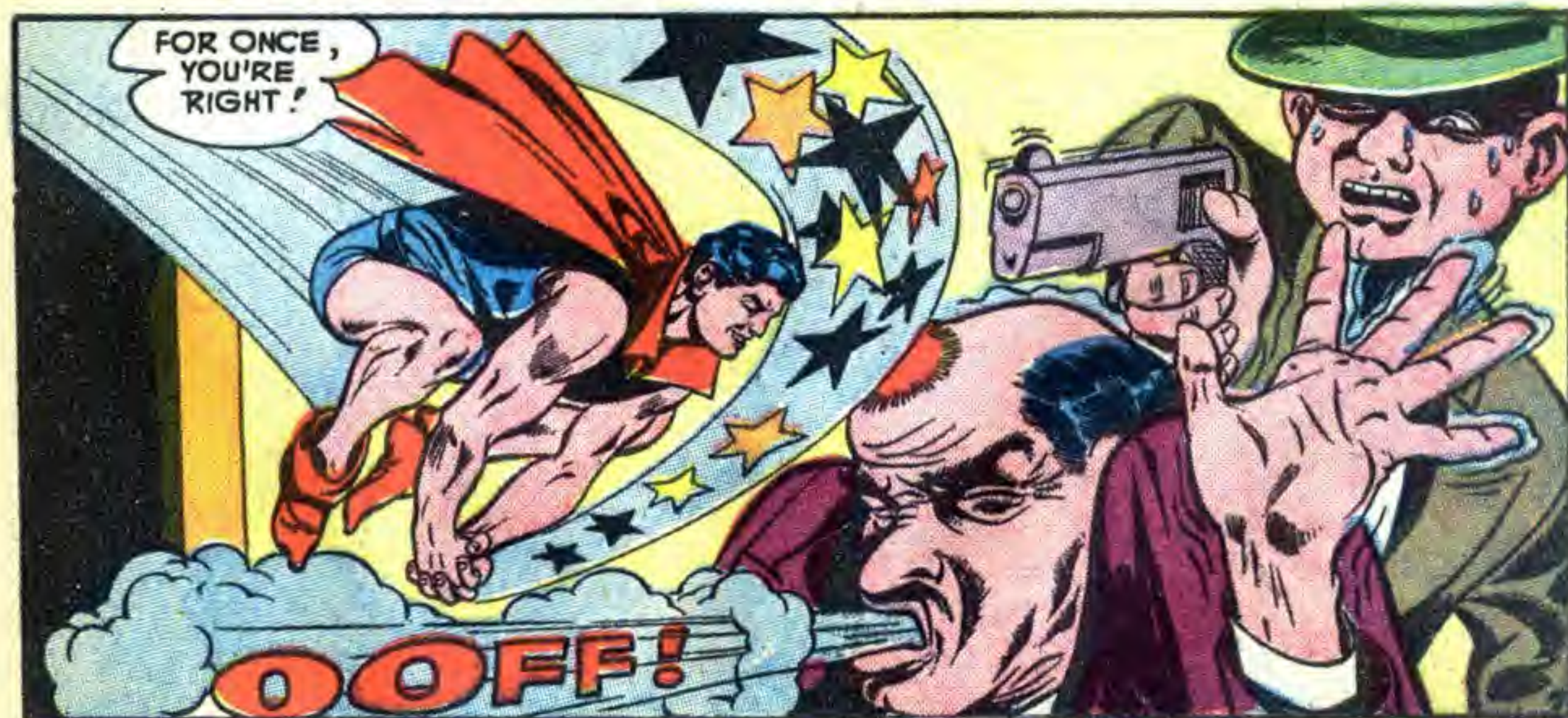
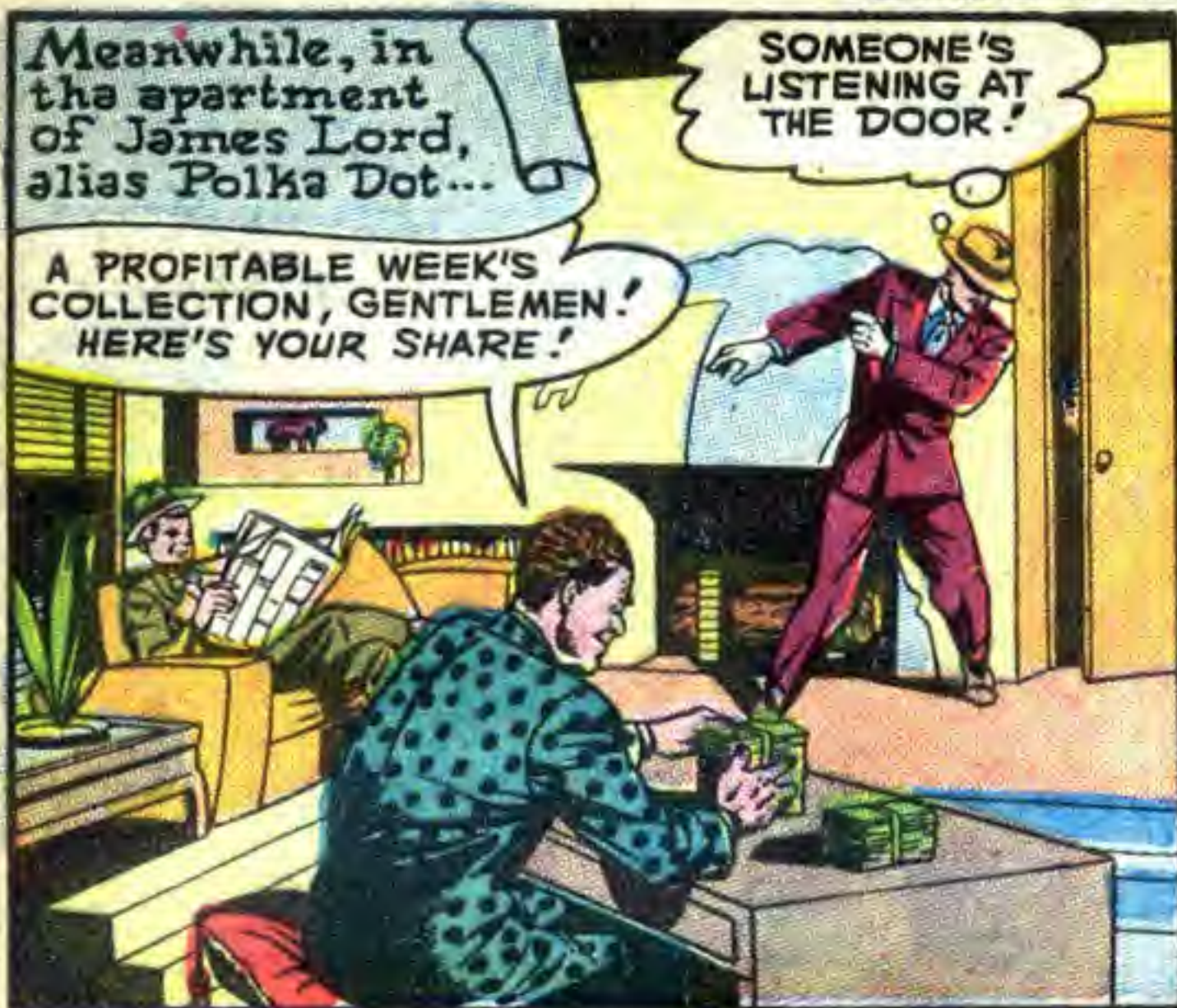
Later, Bobby Taylor's thoughts are busy with other matters than his schoolwork...



The next afternoon.....









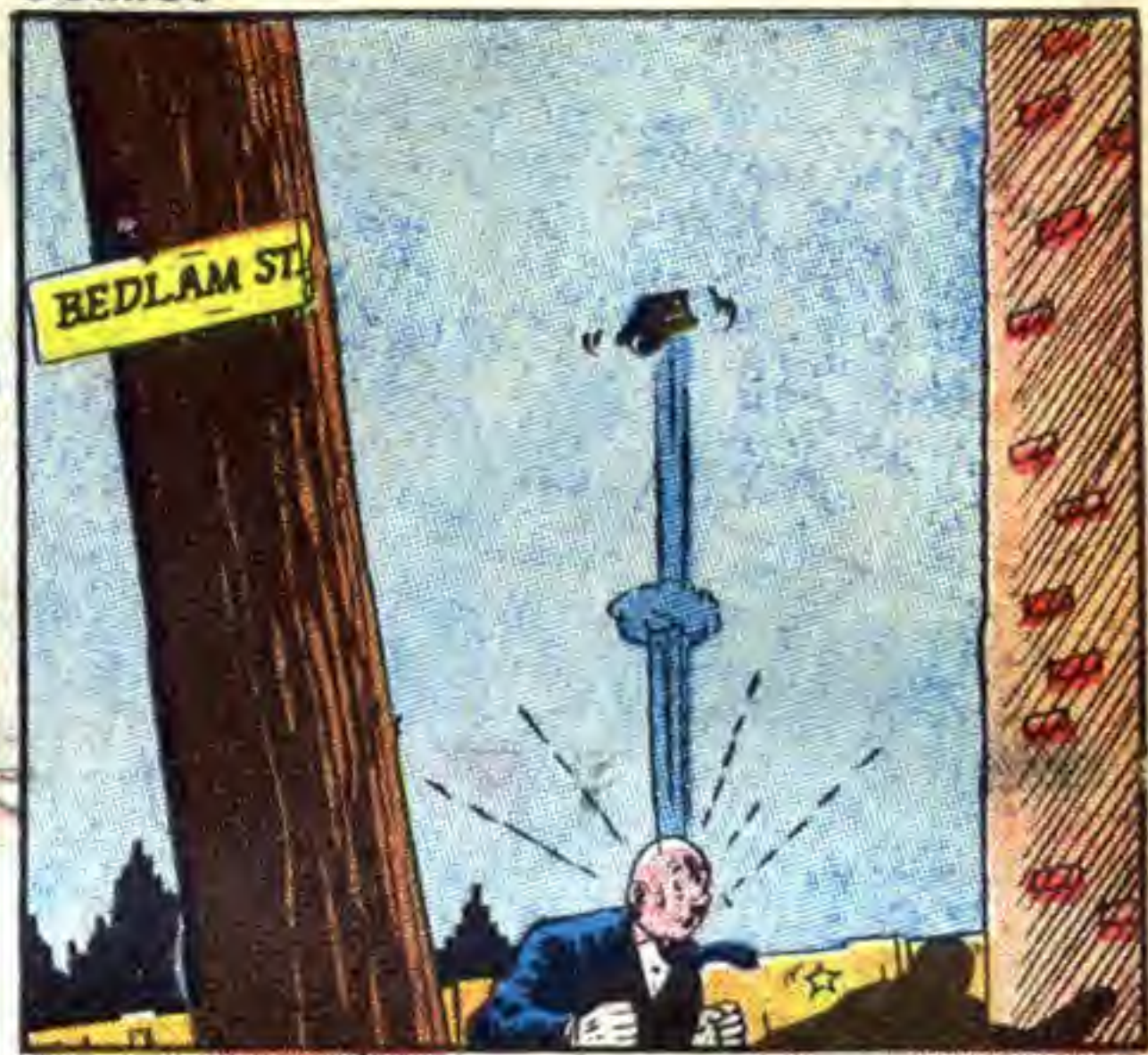


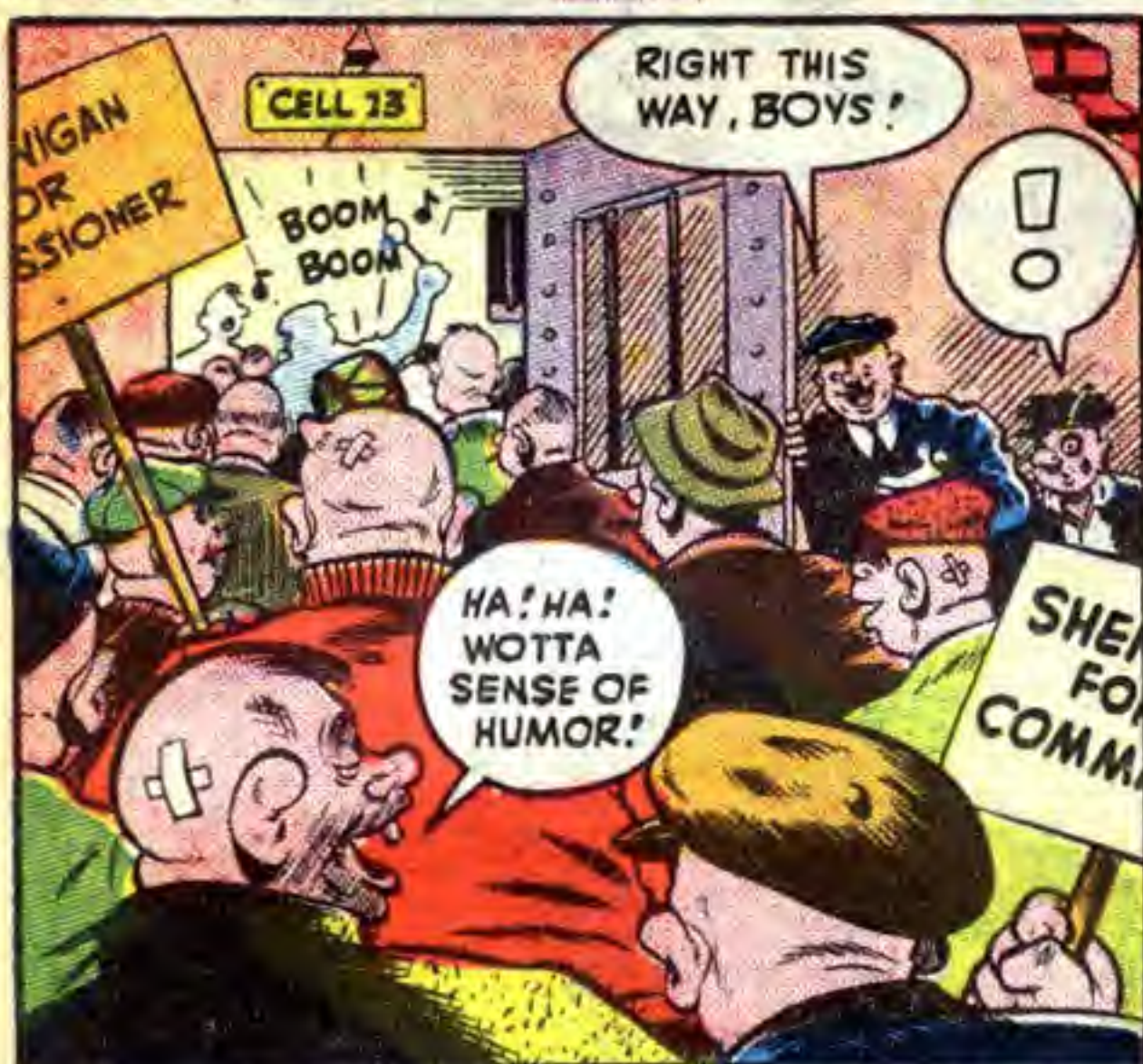








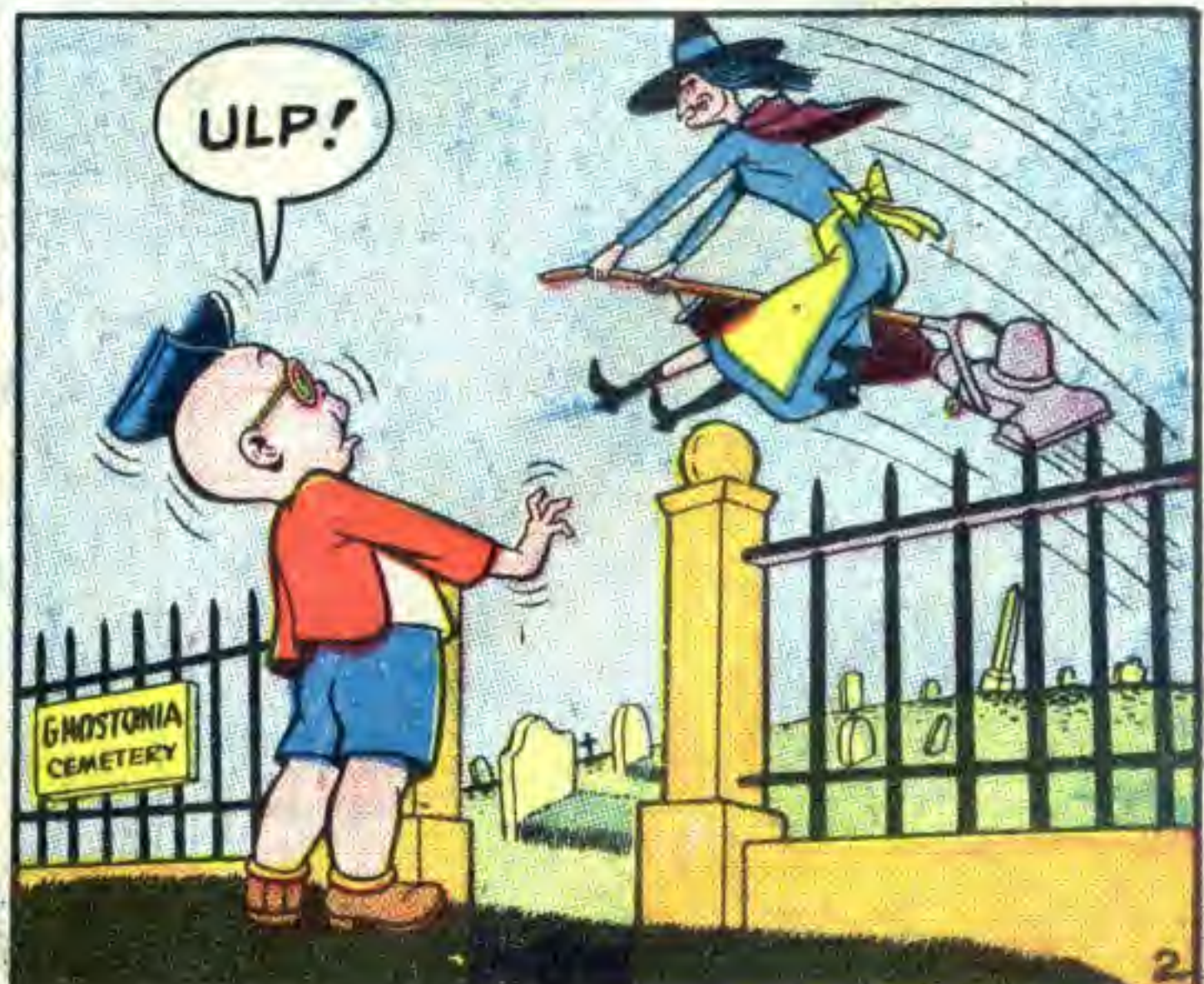
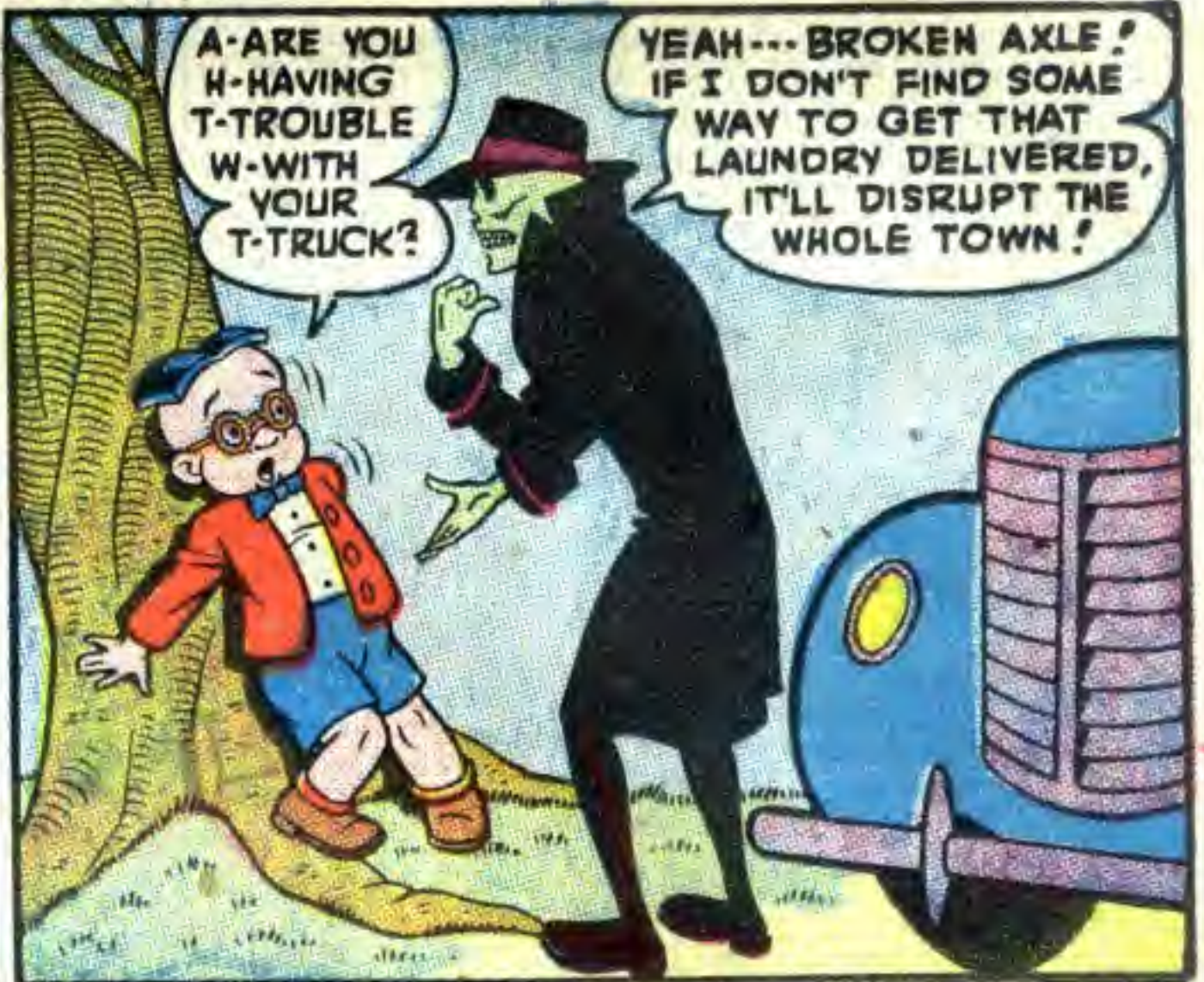






DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? NO? WELL, NEITHER DID PERKY! BUT SINCE HE STEPPED INTO THE MAGICIAN'S VANISHING BOX AND WAS WHISKED OFF TO LANDS BEYOND OUR OWN, HE'S COME TO BELIEVE ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE....





HA! HA! HAW! THAT'S A GOOD PUN! HEY!

STUBBORN CUSS, THAT OLD WITCH! SHE INSISTS ON USING THAT MODERN VACUUM CLEANER FOR TRANSPORTATION INSTEAD OF THE STANDARD ISSUE BROOM!

I GUESS THERE'S NO
FOOL LIKE AN
OLD
GHOUL!

HERE LIES
LIEB:
EVEN
DIE

HA! HA! HAW! THAT'S A GOOD PUN!

HEY!
YOU'RE
LAUGHING
YOUR
HEAD
OFF!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! IT WAS
LOOSE ANYWAY! I HAD
MY THROAT CUT
FROM EAR TO
EAR!

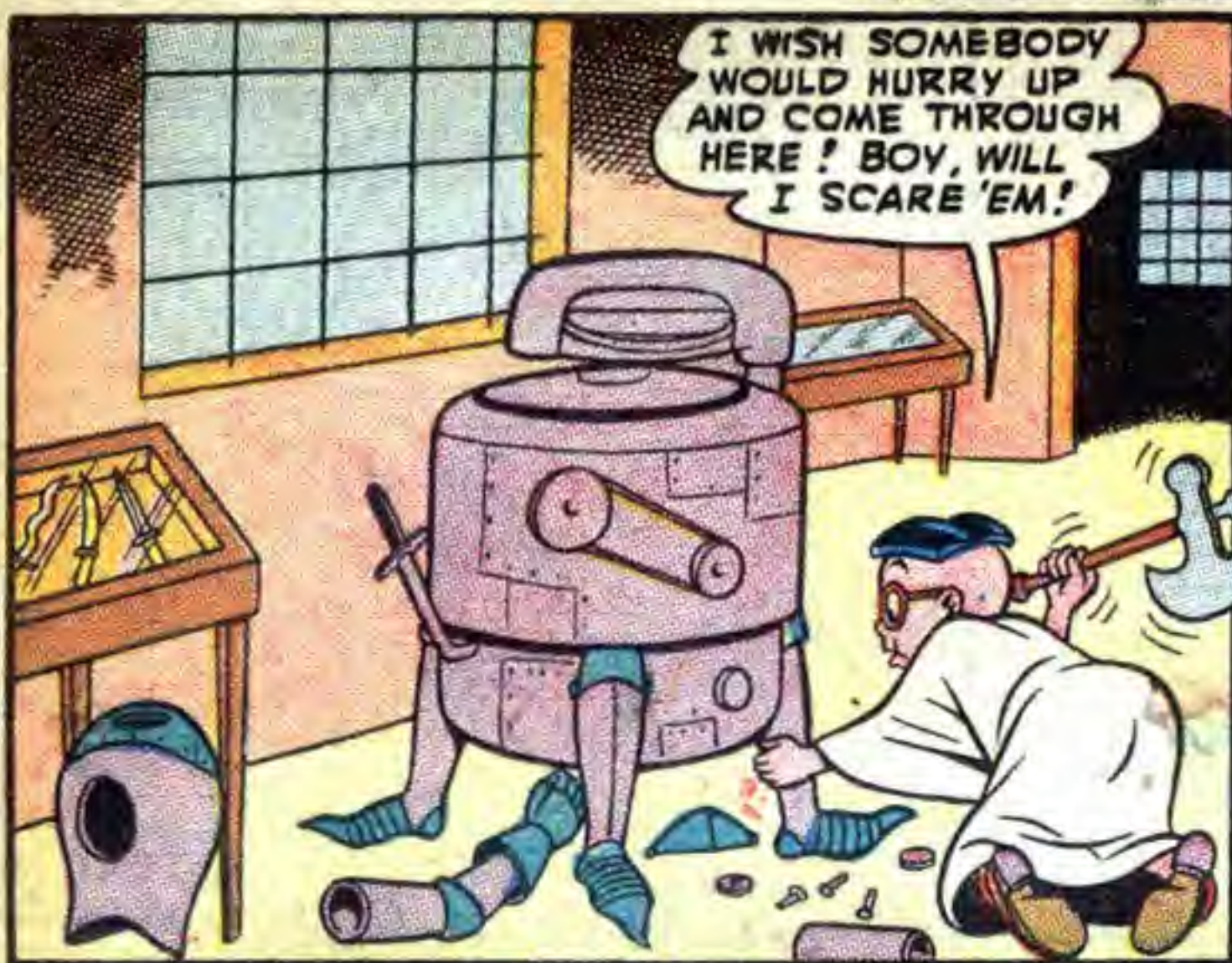
NOW LET'S GET SERIOUS! WHAT'S YOUR SPECIALTY, HAUNTING OLD HOUSES, CEMETERIES OR JUST PLAIN CHAIN CLANKING?

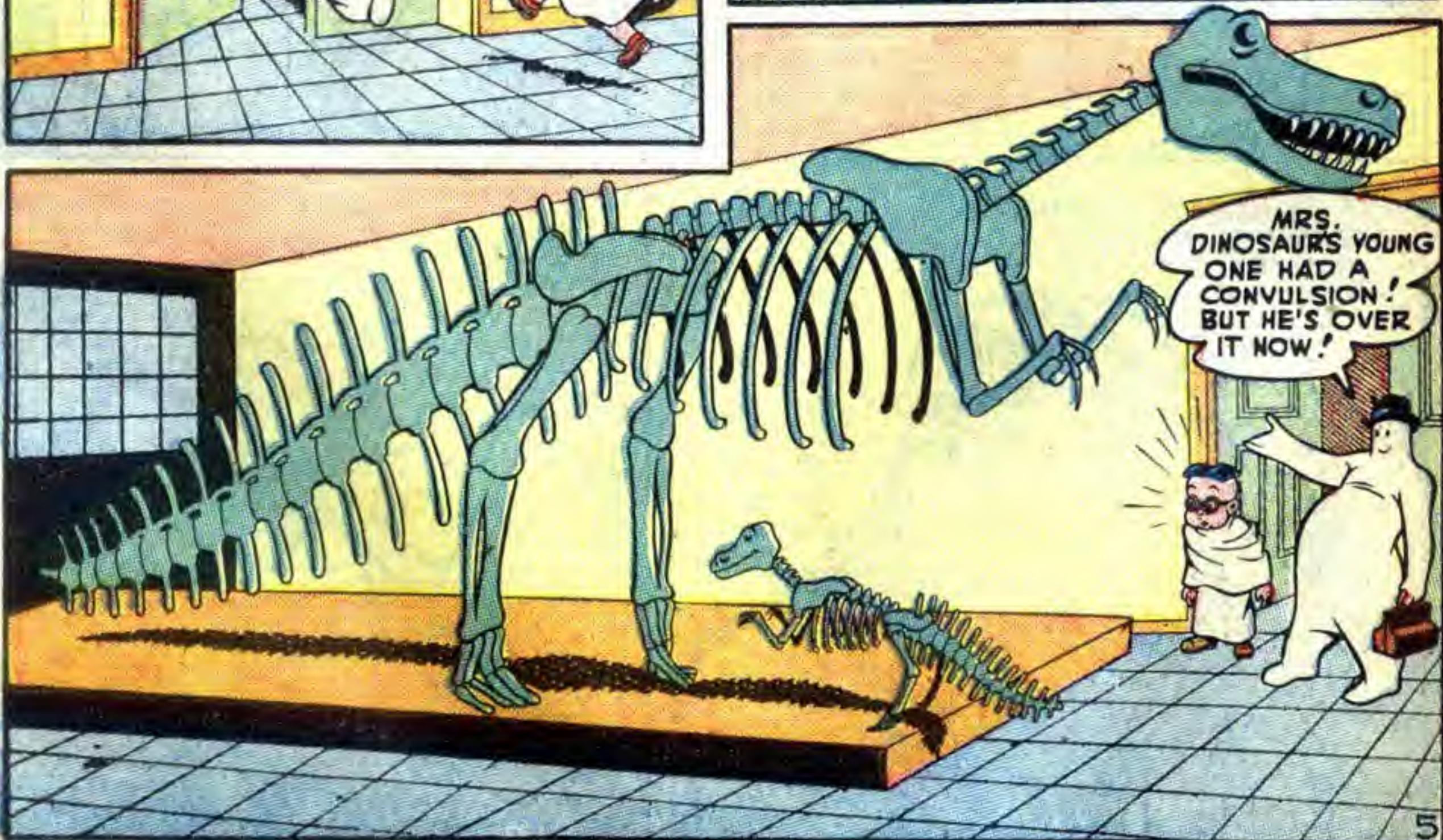
I ALWAYS
WANTED
TO HAUNT
A
MUSEUM!

YOU'VE GOT A JOB! GRAB A SHEET AND PUT IT ON! DON'T COVER YOUR HEAD! IT'S UGLY ENOUGH TO GET A SCREAM!

Later...at the museum...

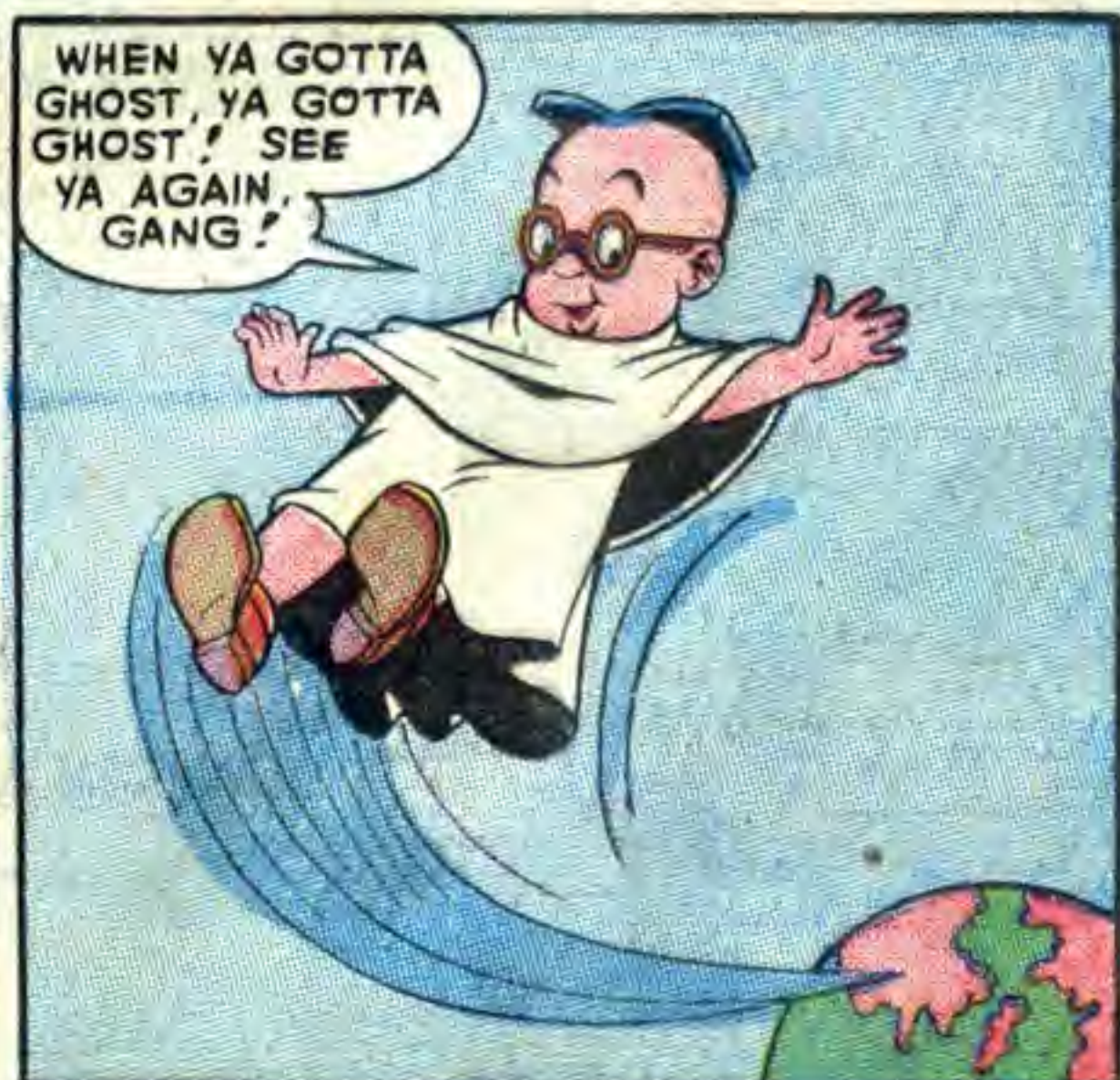
GOSH! THERE'S ENOUGH METAL AROUND HERE TO BUILD SOMETHING THIS TOWN NEEDS BADLY... THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL DO WHILE I'M WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO SCARE!







An hour later, the Superintendent gets a very disturbing call!



LALA PALOOZA

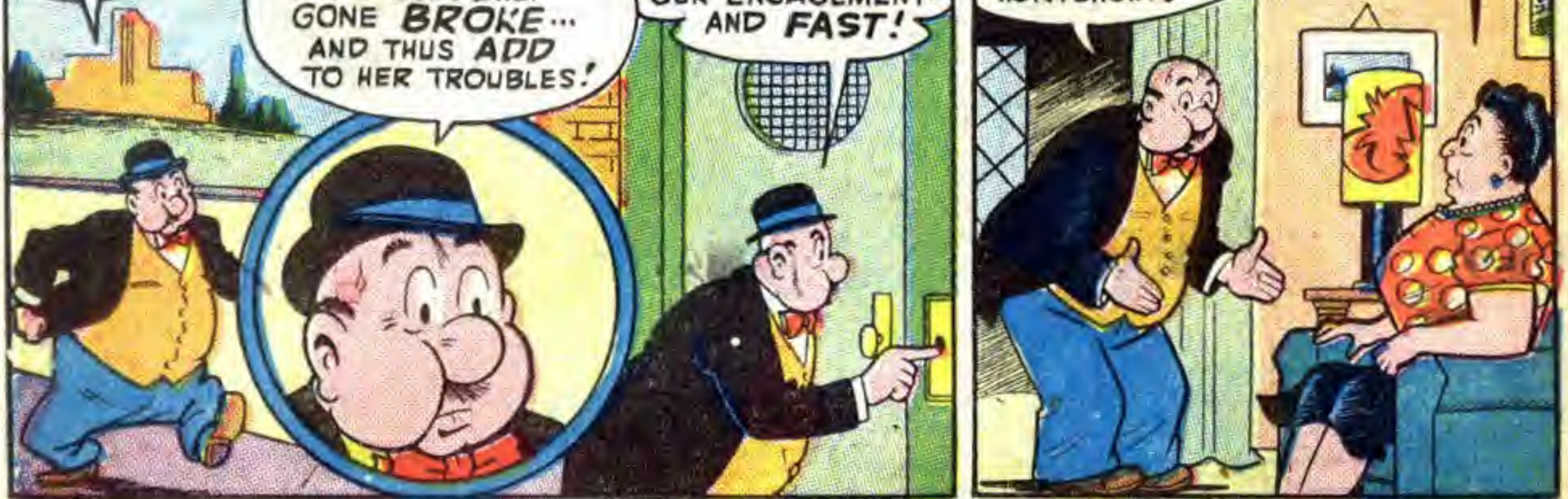
MAYBE I'M AN AWFUL CAD, AND I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT...

... I JUST CAN'T MARRY A WOMAN WHO'S SUDDENLY GONE **BROKE**... AND THUS ADD TO HER TROUBLES!

SO I'LL JUST **HAVE** TO BUST OUR ENGAGEMENT-- AND **FAST**!

--- I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND, HORTENSIA!

WELL, NO, VINCENT! FRANKLY I DON'T!



SINCE I WAS GOING TO FINANCE OUR HONEYMOON TO PALM BEACH AND ALL, I REALLY THOUGHT YOU'D **JUMP** AT THE CHANCE!

??

HOWEVER, I SUPPOSE LIFE IS FULL OF SUCH MYSTERIES! GOOD DAY, VINCENT!

ER--- GOOD DAY!

HMM M M M ---- HONEYMOON-- PALM BEACH--- SHE DOESN'T TALK LIKE SOMEONE WHO'S GONE **BROKE**!



SEE HERE, MCPUTTY... DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE **SMIGLY WIDOW** WAS **BROKE**?

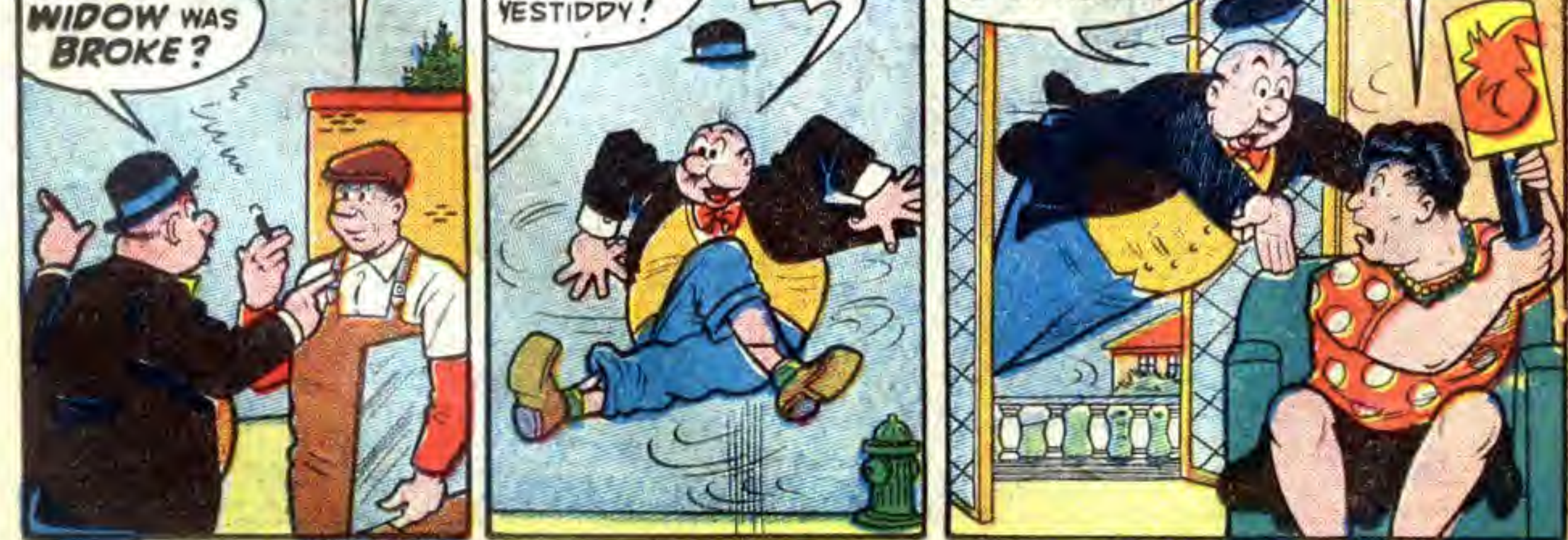
NOT **WIDOW**-- I SAID **WINDOW**!

THE **SMIGLY WINDOW** WAS **BROKE** AND I PUT A NEW ONE IN YESTIDDY!

WHAT?

HORTENSIA! LOVE BLOOMS ANEW! THE ENGAGEMENT IS ON AGAIN!

IT MIGHT BE ON WITH YOU, BUT NOT WITH ME!



LALA PALOOZA

POOR VINCE... HIS BUSTED LOVE AFFAIR WITH THAT WIDOW SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN HIM DOWN!



CHEER UP, VINCE! OTHER MEN HAVE HAD IT HAPPEN TO THEM--- DANTE, MARC ANTONY, LORD NELSON---



I MAY LIVE A WEEK, LALA, BUT NO LONGER WITH THIS BROKEN HEART!

BUT I WON'T HANG AROUND THE HOUSE WITH MY MOANS... I'LL SEEK SOME OTHER QUIET SPOT TO DIE!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH BEING A ONE-WOMAN-MAN... IF YOU GET JILTED JUST ONCE, YOU'RE DONE!



HMM! IT'S KINDA DARK RIGHT IN THERE... IT MIGHT DO TEMPORARILY!

I'LL FIND MYSELF AN OLD PARK BENCH BEHIND A BUSH OR CRAWL INTO SOME DARK CAVE WHERE I CAN QUIETLY PINE AWAY!



BUT I'LL TAKE A FEW CRUSTS ALONG WITH ME... JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER 'TIL THE END COMES!

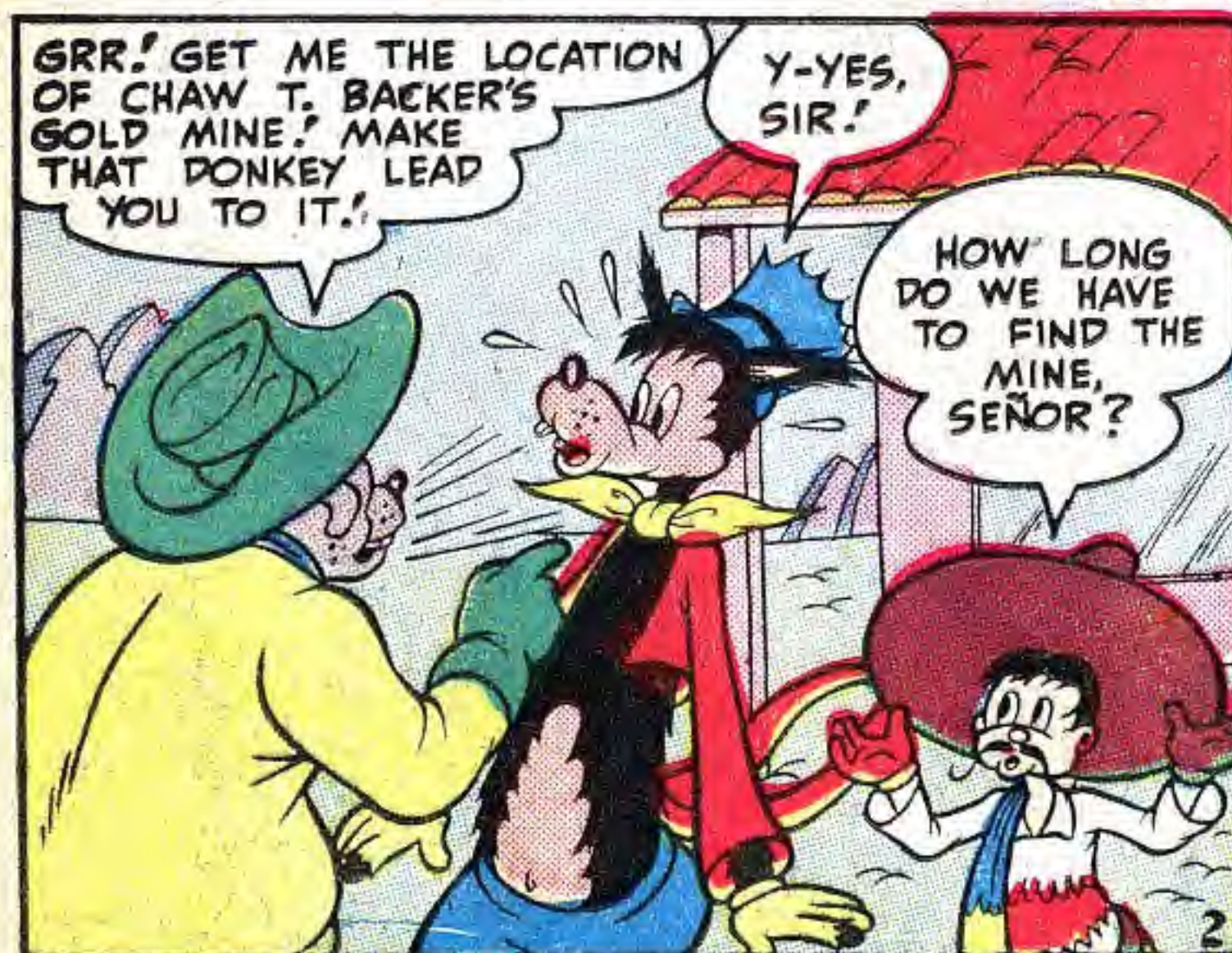


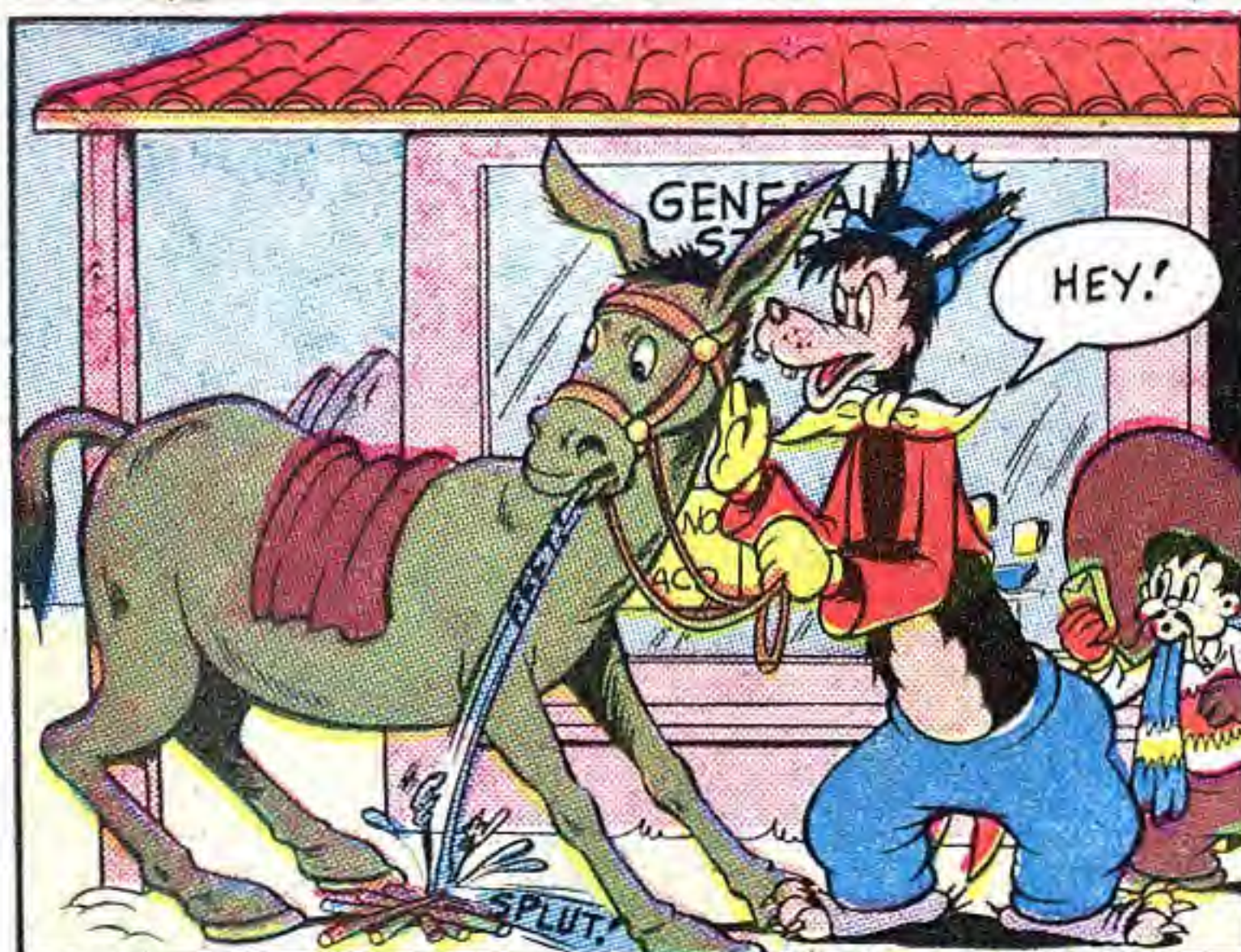
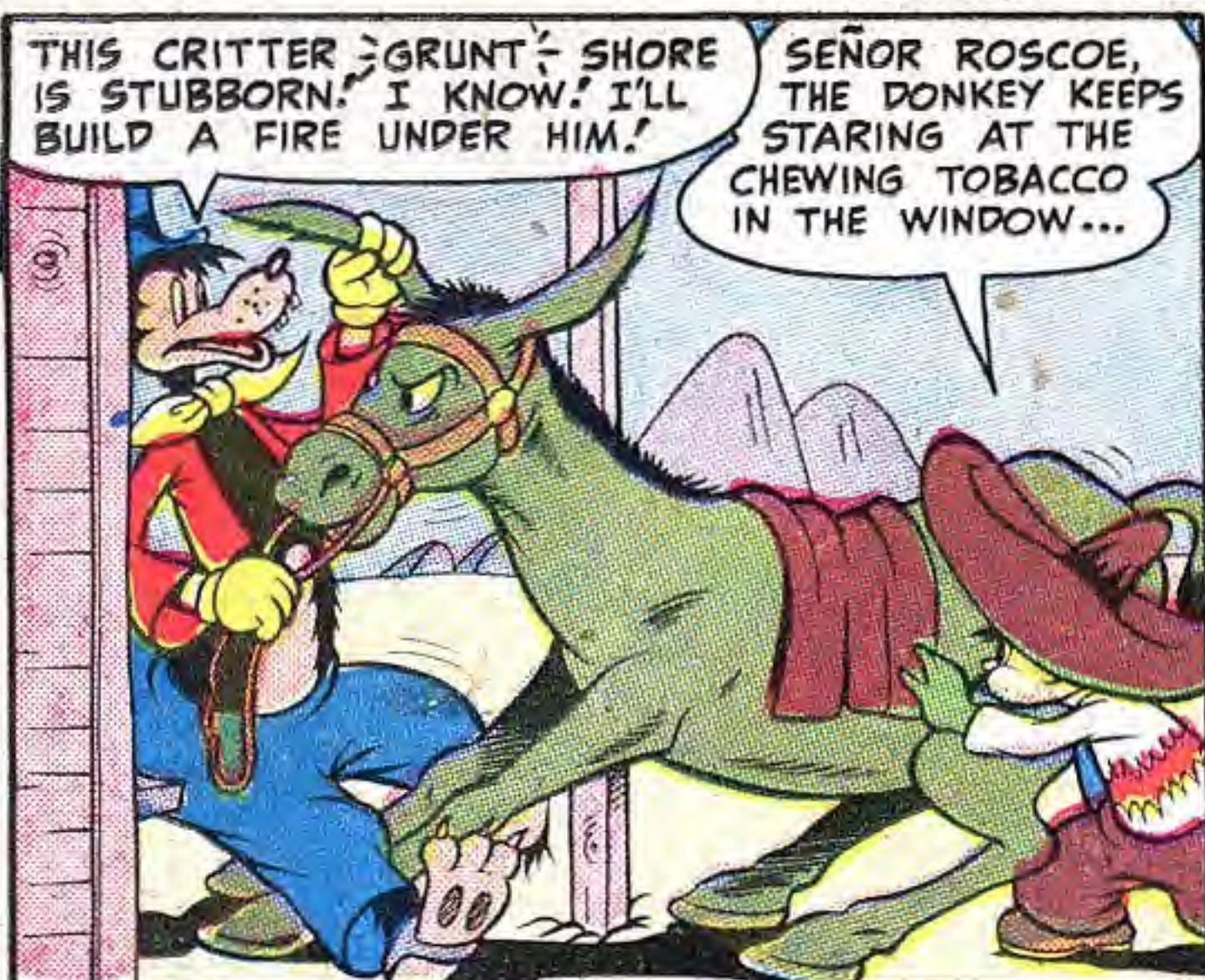
YEP! I MAY AS WELL PINE AWAY HERE AS ANY PLACE!

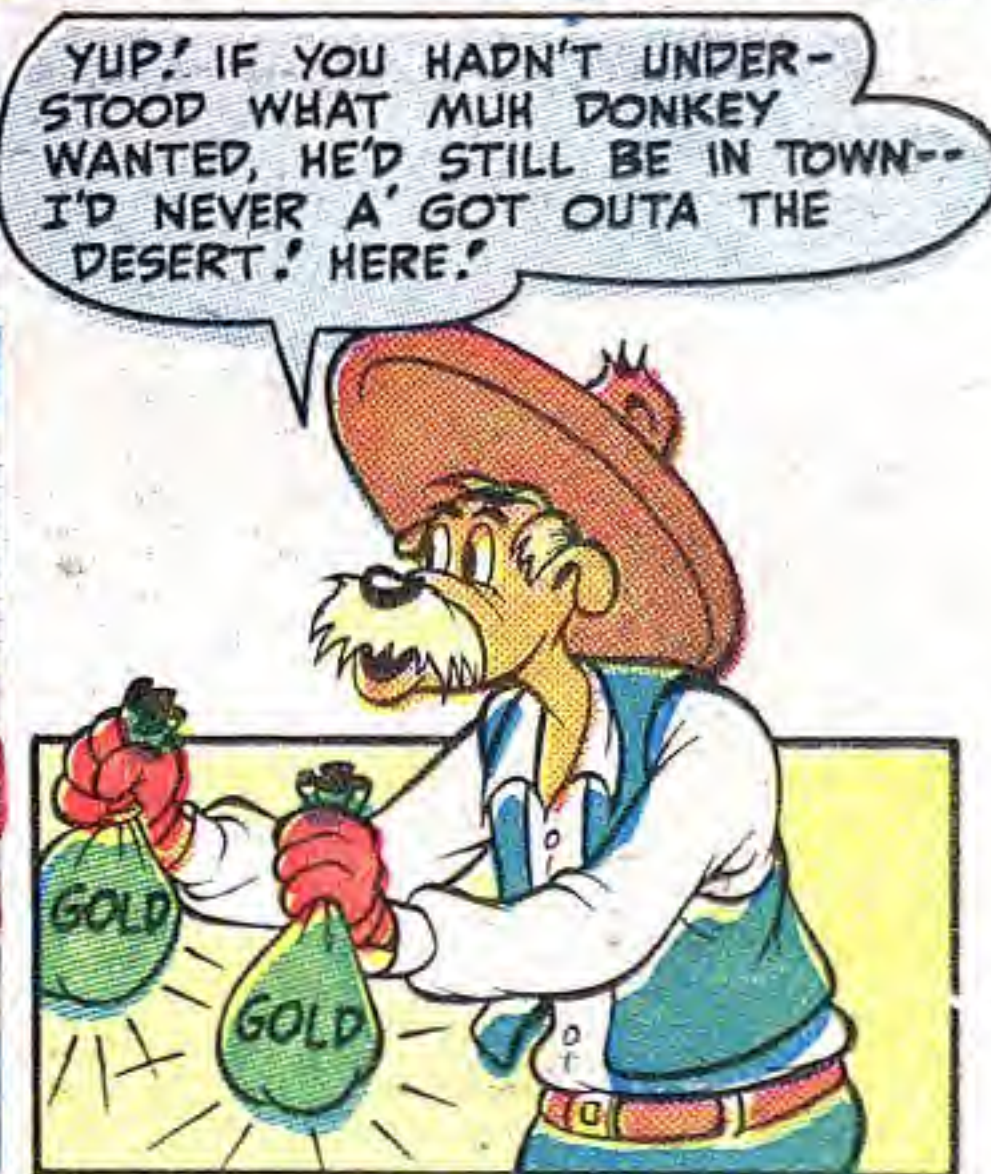
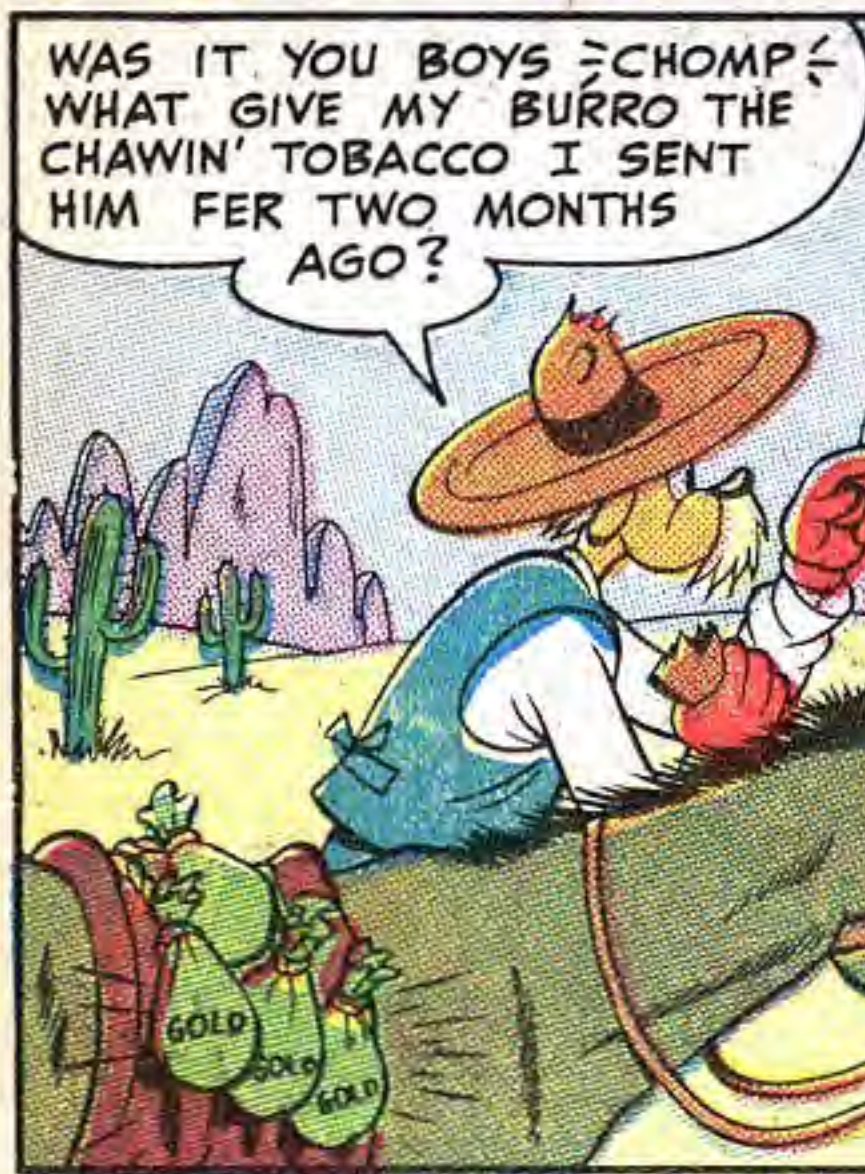
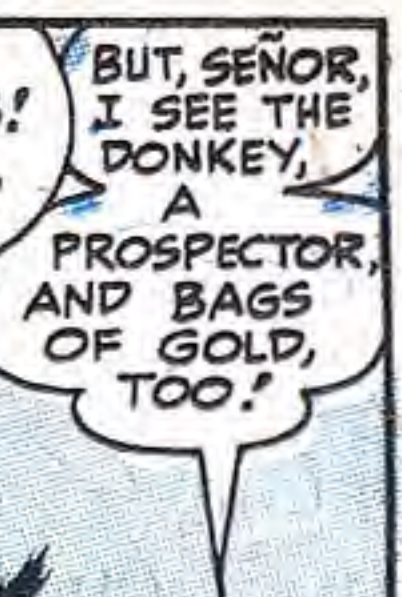


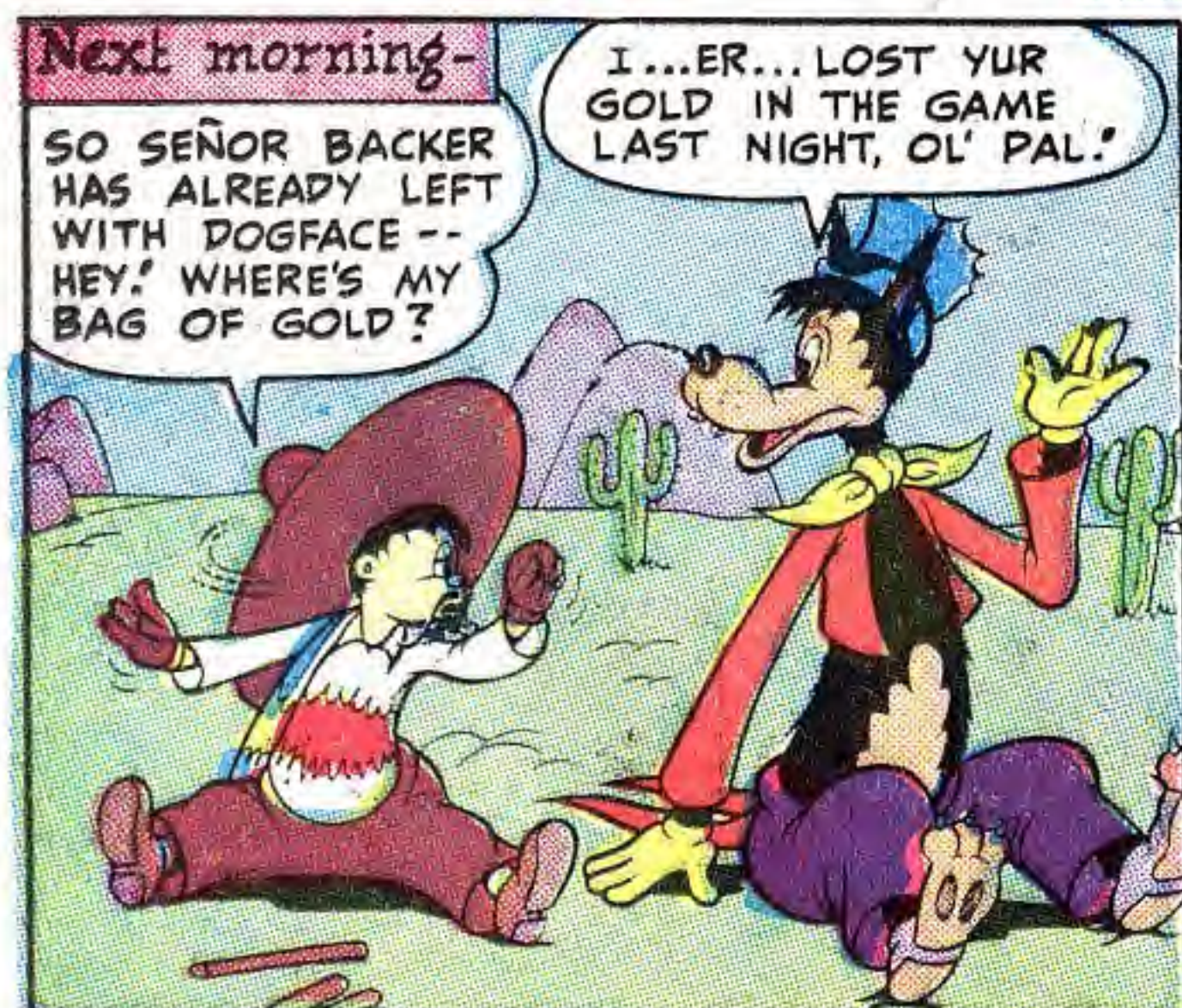
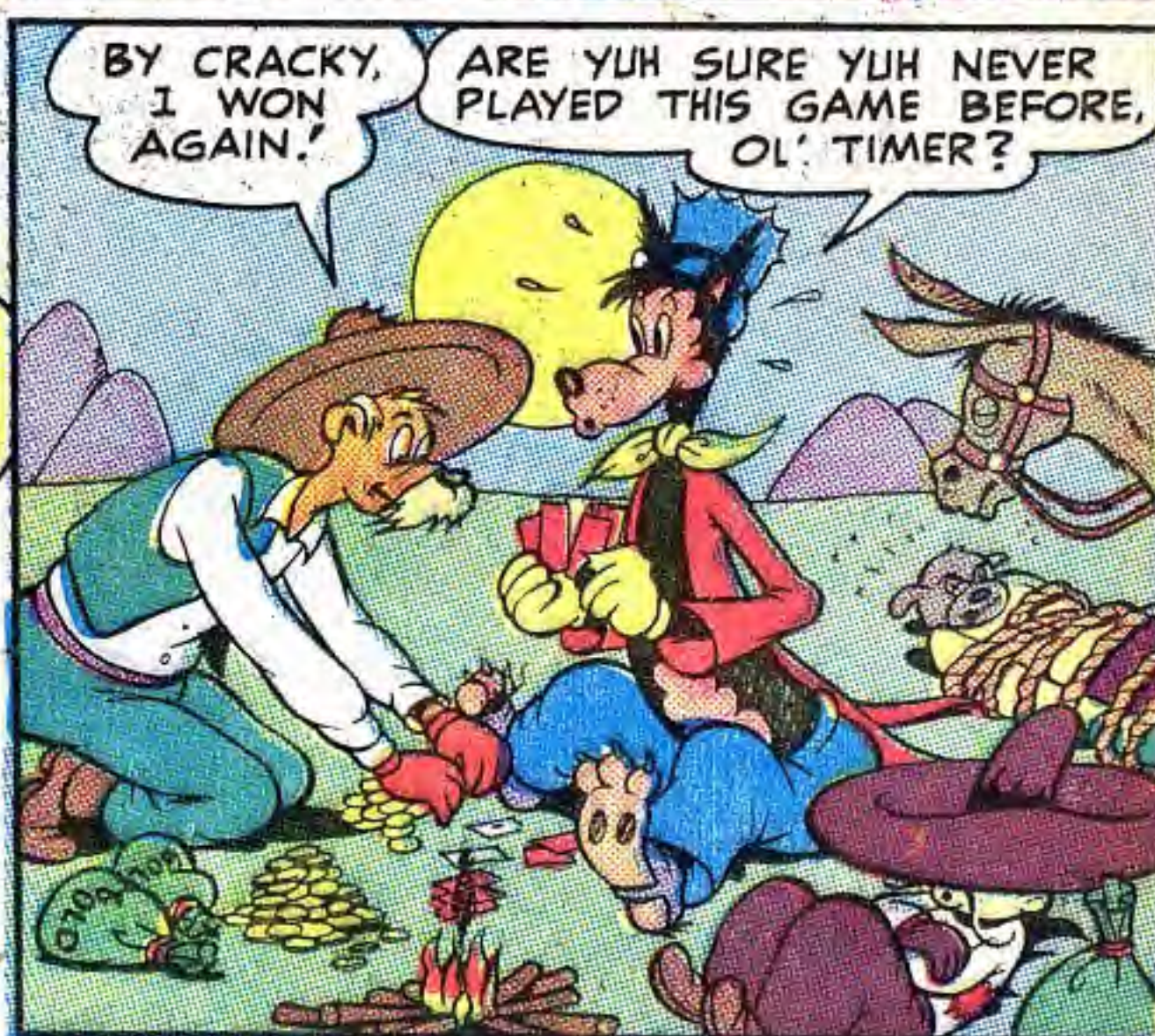
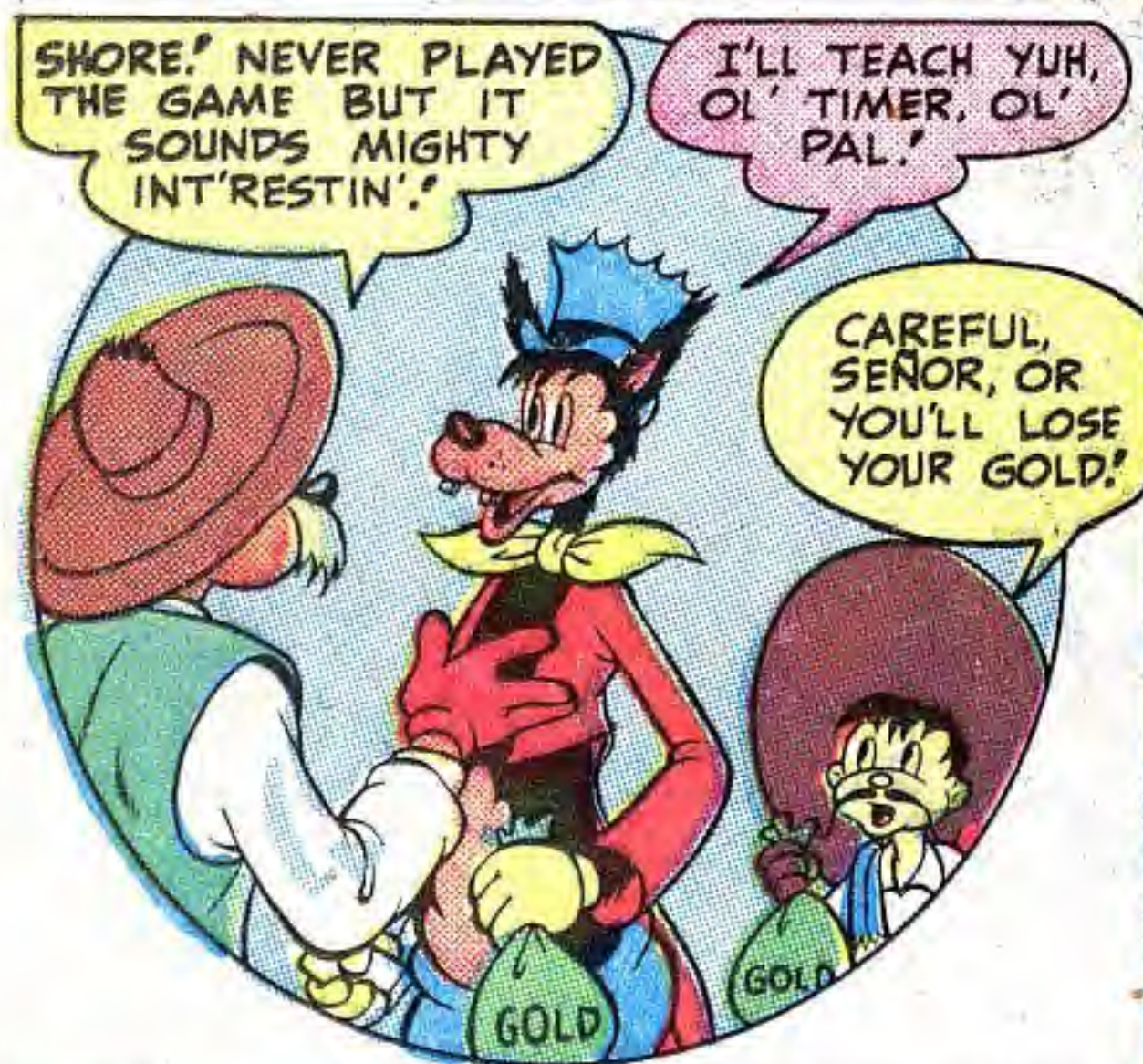
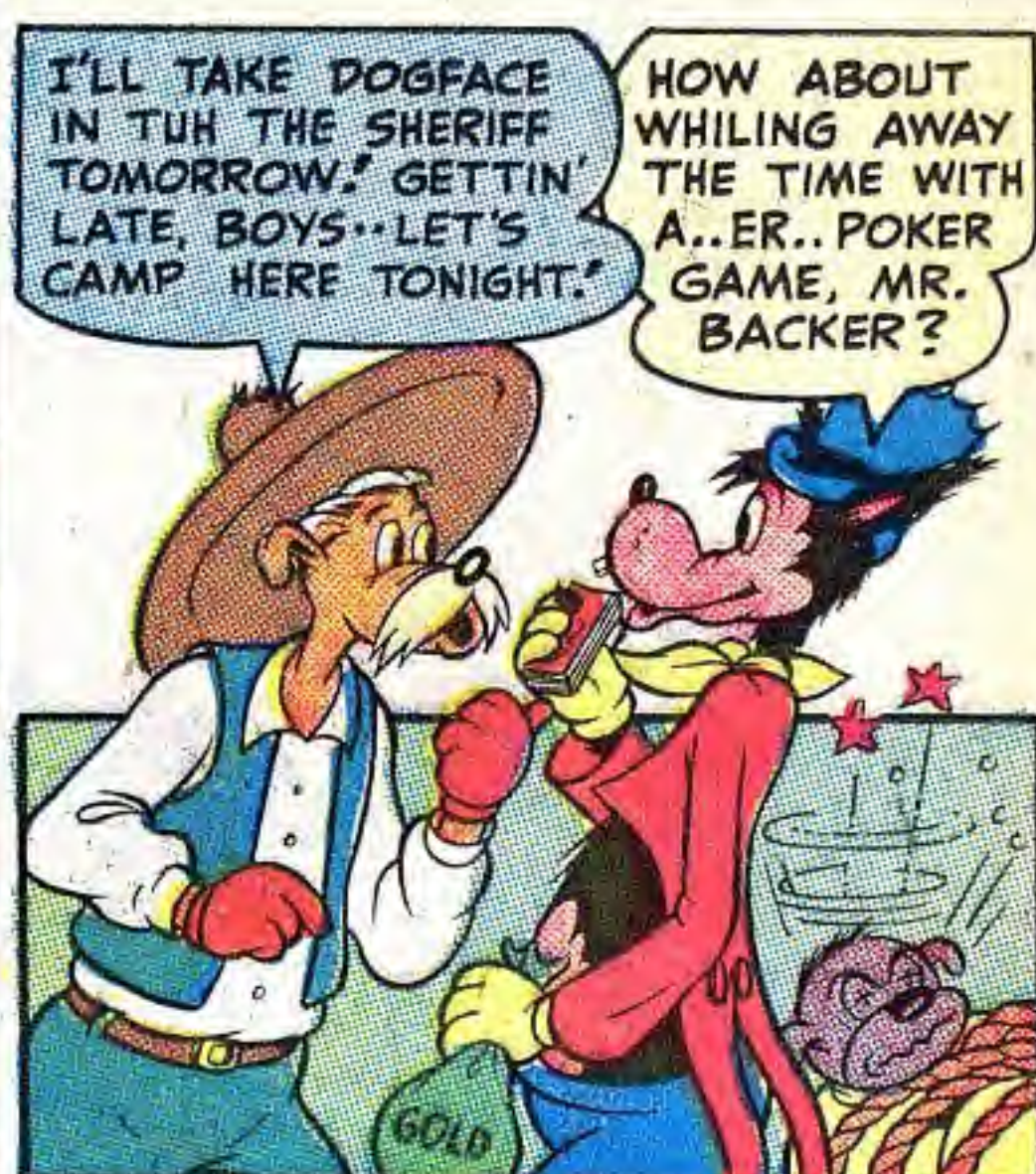
ROSCOE













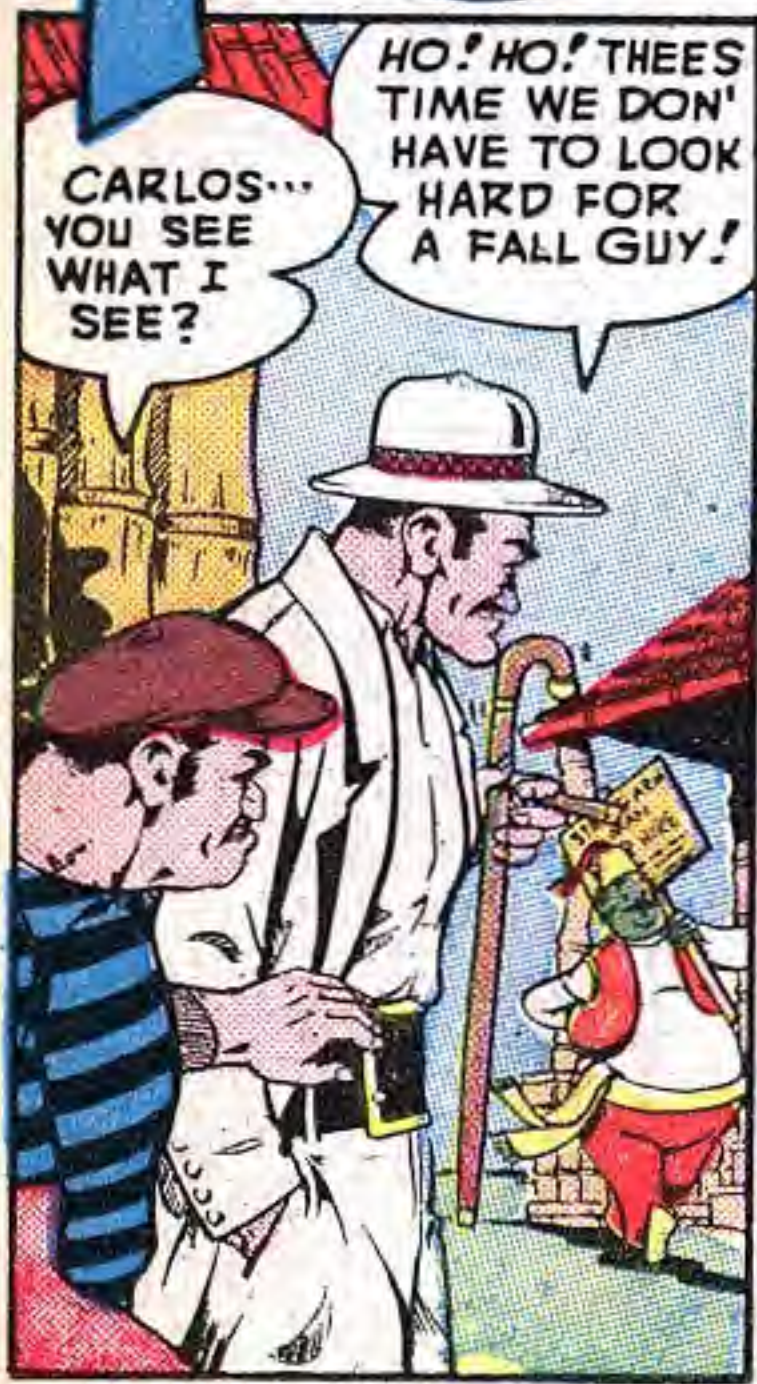
LISTEN, FATSO, EITHER I HIRE HIM OR YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK!

BEAT IT, BUM! LOOK, YOU...I SAW YOU FIRST! EITHER I GET THIS GUY YOU'RE RENTING OUT... OR ELSE!

MISTAH ALABABA, AH THINKS WE DONE BETTAH RENT MISTAH RUSTY OU'SELVES!

STRONG-ARM MAN FOR HIRE - GUARANTEED TO LICK HIS WEIGHT IN W. CATS!

Rusty RYAN



CARLOS... YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

HO! HO! THEES TIME WE DON' HAVE TO LOOK HARD FOR A FALL GUY!



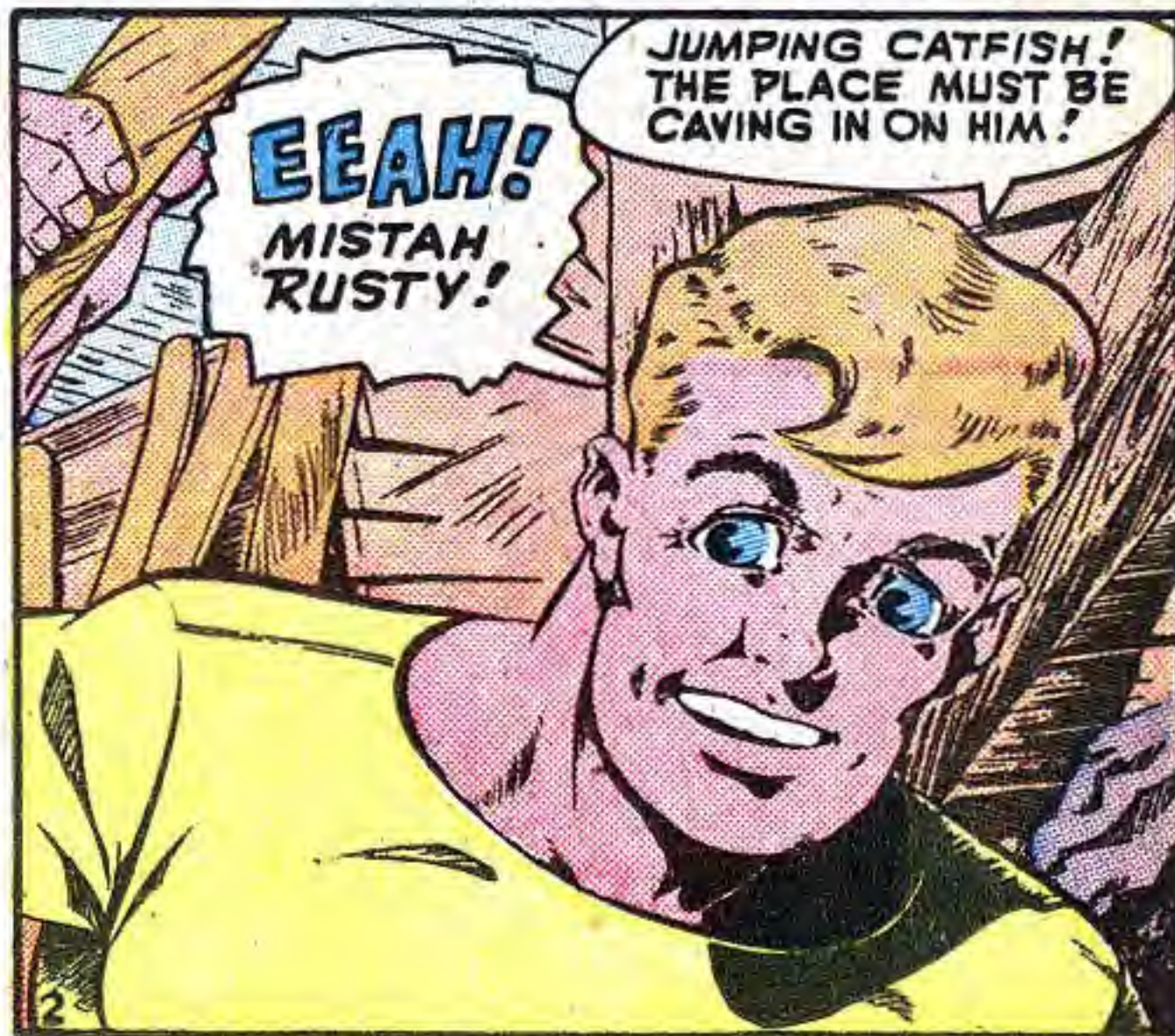
...AND...AND FOR ANOTHER NOMINAL ADVANCE, I AND MY ASSISTANT WILL SUPERVISE OUR CLIENT!

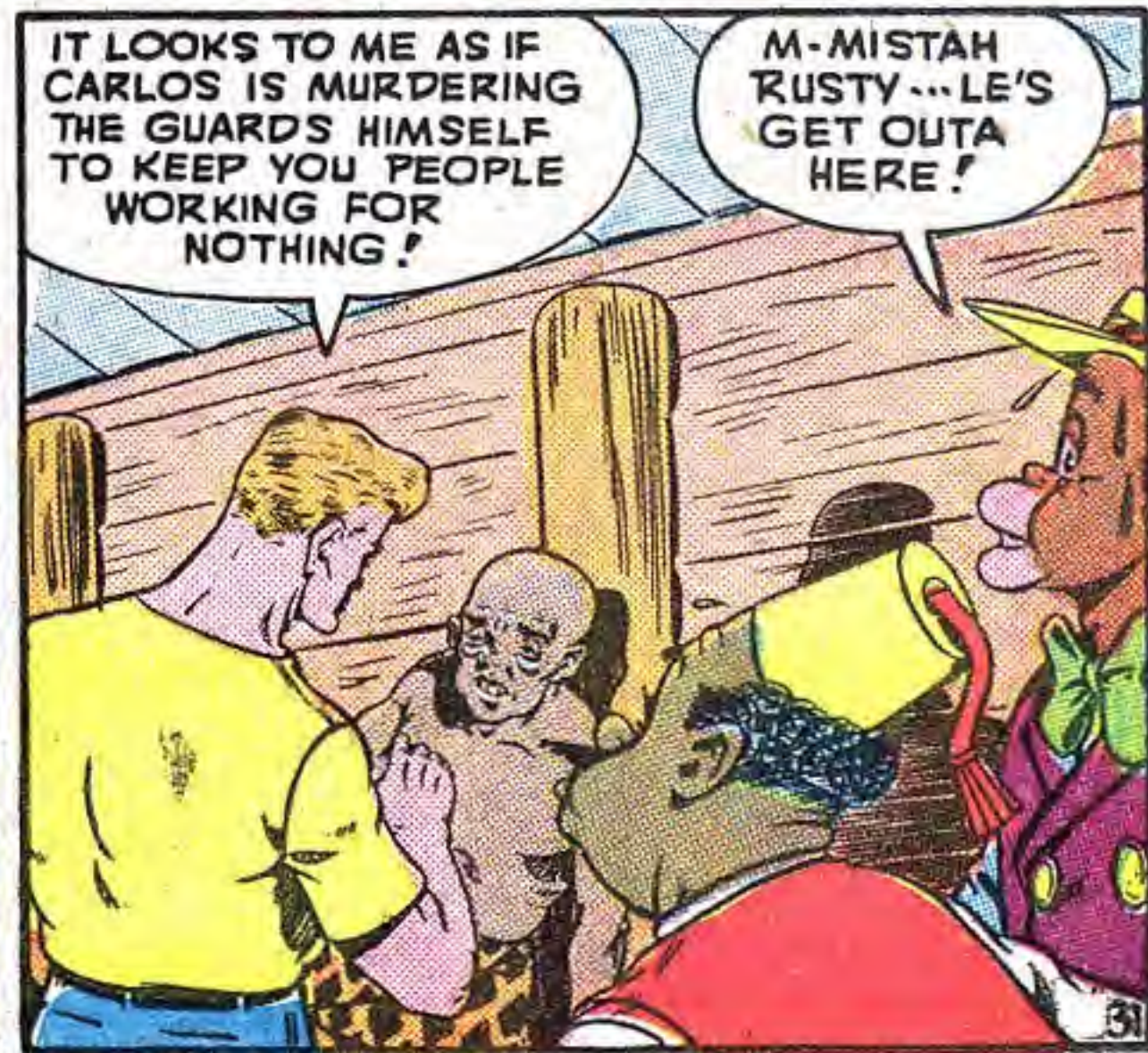
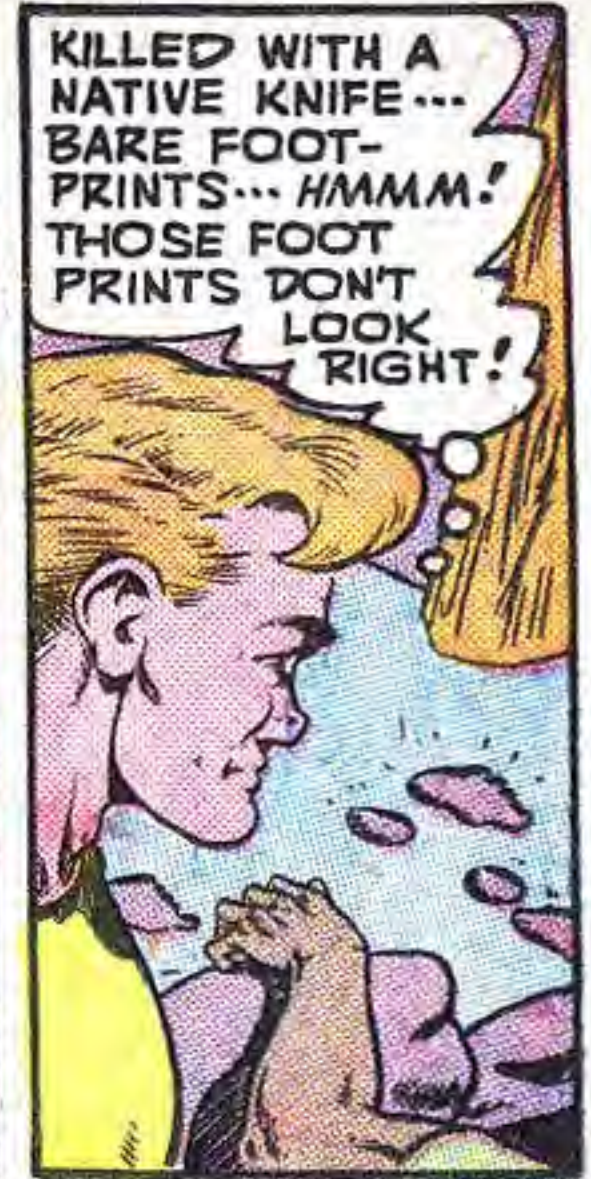
HOKAY! BE AT MY GOLD MINE TONIGHT!

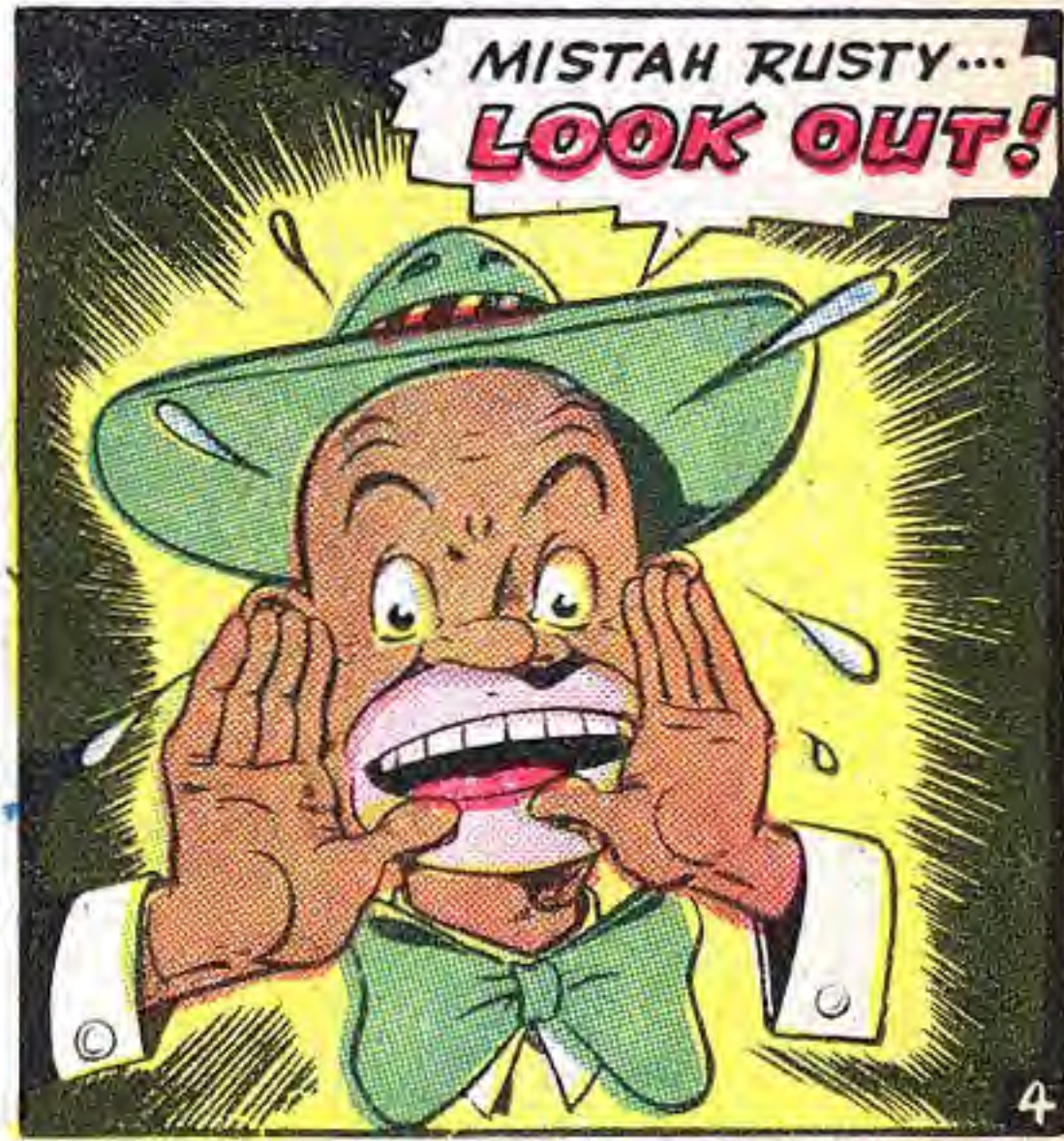
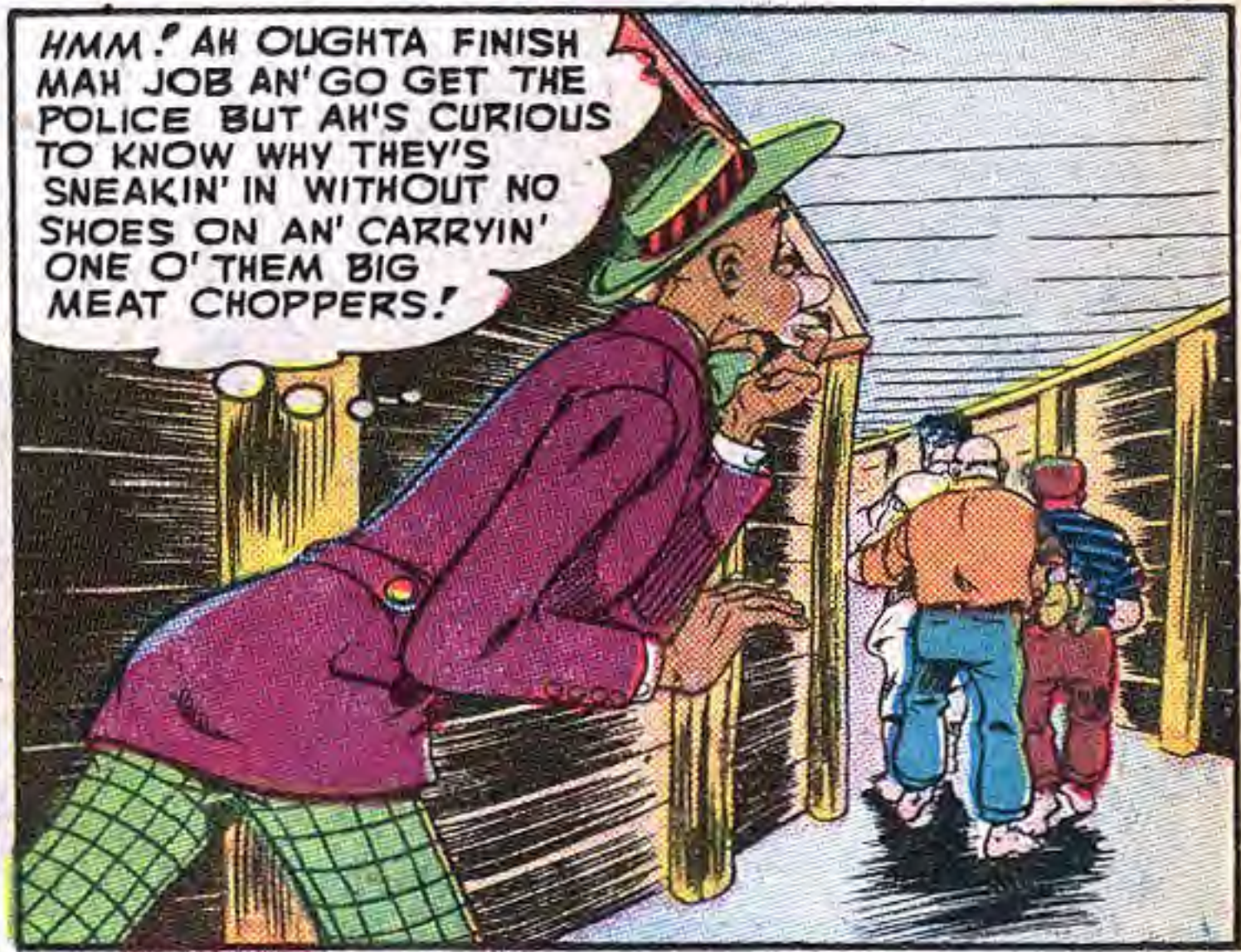


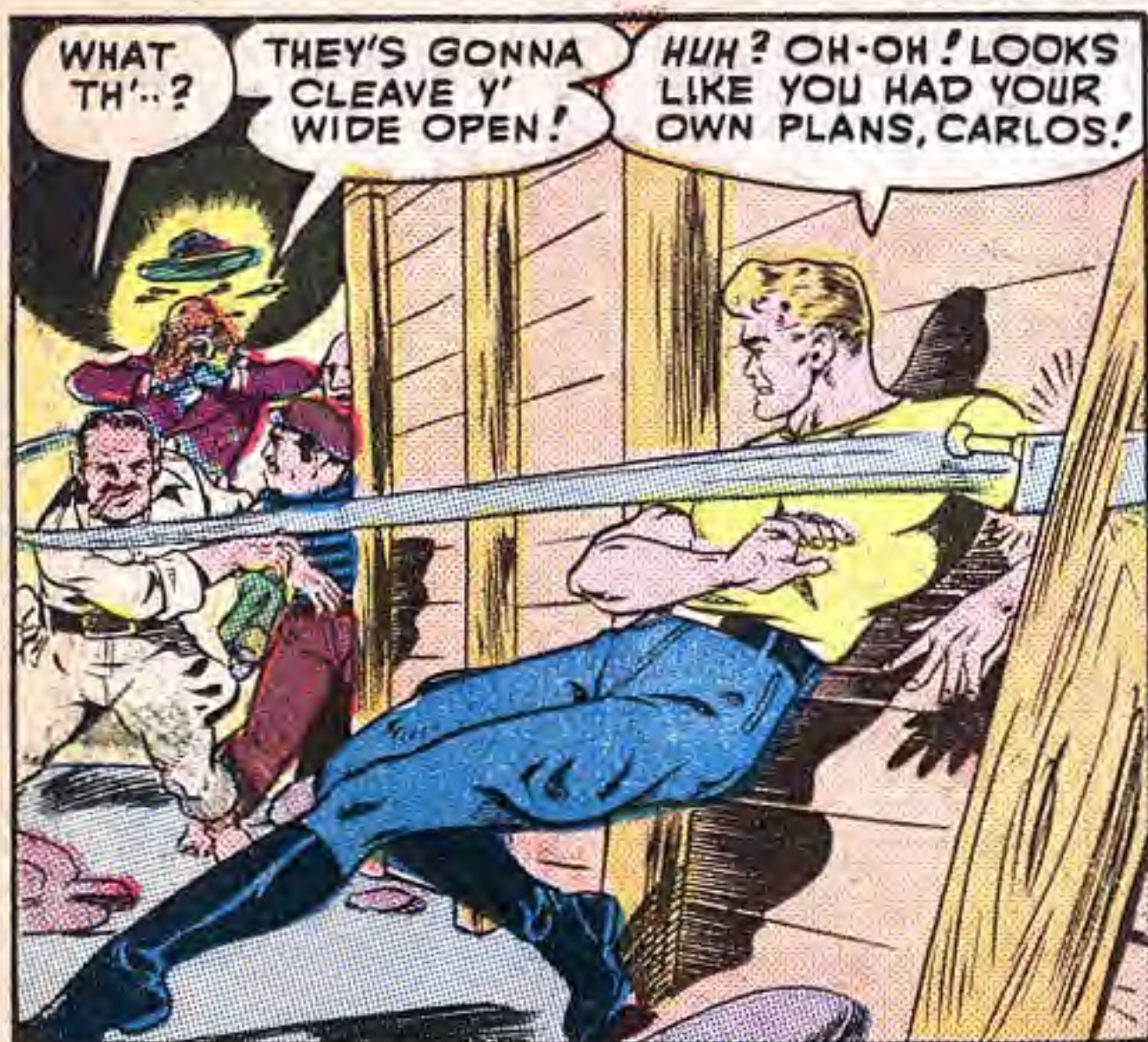
BY ALLAH, I HAVEN'T BEEN MAKING ENOUGH DEALS, LATELY!

MISS GARCON!





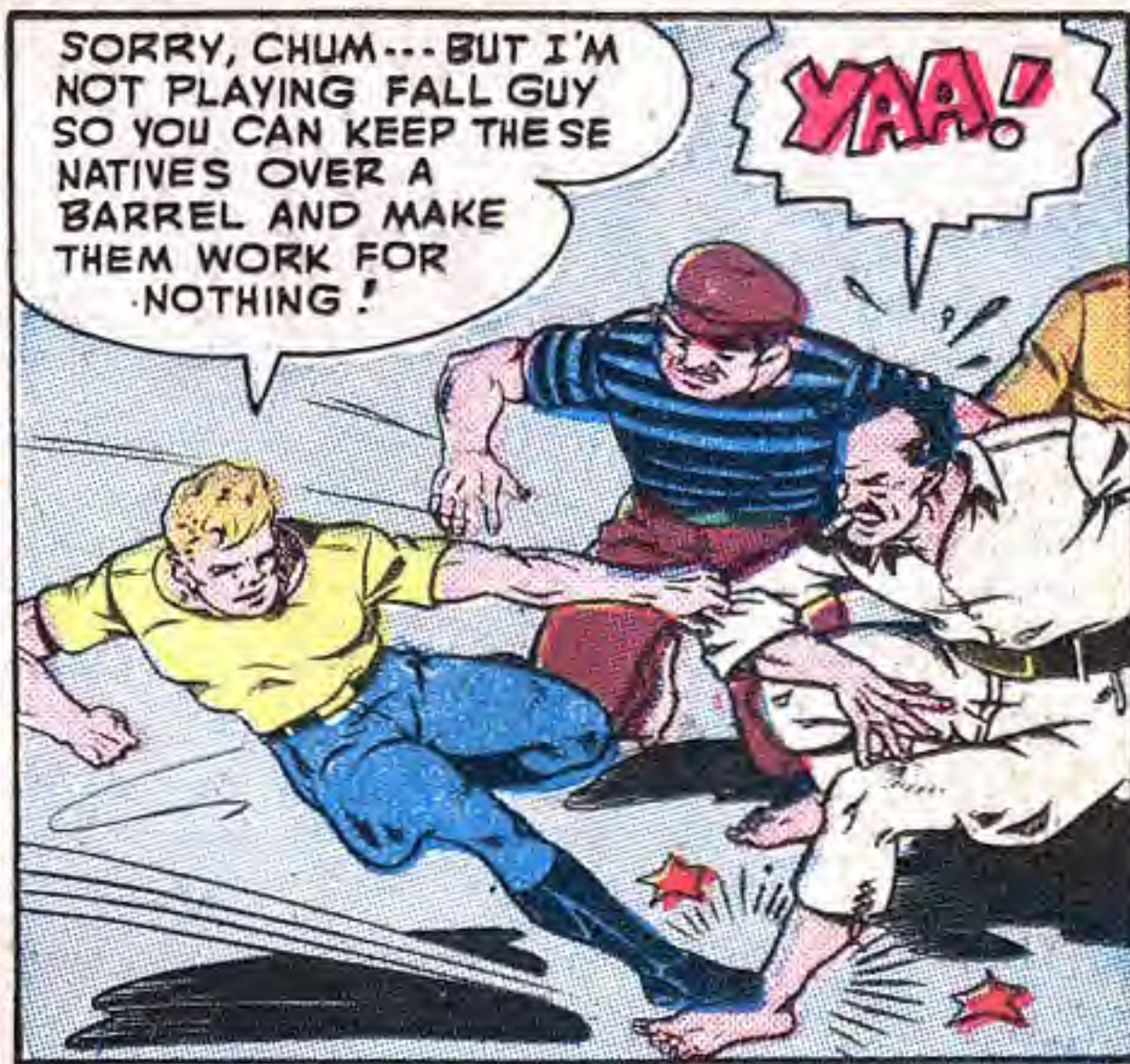




WHAT TH'...?

THEY'S GONNA CLEAVE Y' WIDE OPEN!

HUH? OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD YOUR OWN PLANS, CARLOS!



SORRY, CHUM... BUT I'M NOT PLAYING FALL GUY SO YOU CAN KEEP THESE NATIVES OVER A BARREL AND MAKE THEM WORK FOR NOTHING!

YAA!



DON' WORRY, PONK! CARLOS, HE DO IT SEVEN TIMES... HE DO IT WEETH YOU, TOO!

WHY DON'T YOU TELL THAT TO THE POLICE OR YOUR NATIVE MINERS? THEY'RE BOTH ON THEIR WAY HERE!



WE ARE TOO LATE TO HELP?

WELL, YOU CAN HELP US DRAG THESE GUYS UPSTAIRS!



WE CAN MEET ALABABA AND THE POLICE UP THERE AS... WELL, I'LL...!



HEY! WHERE ARE THE POLICE YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO GET?

HUH? OH! BLUB...GLUB...ER... WHAT?



NOW LOOK, RUSTY, WE HAVE A DEAL ON... I GET THE JOBS AND PIERPONT DOES THEM... AND WE SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY!

BUT RUSTY DONE TOLD YOU! AN' ANYWAY, THERE WAS NOTHIN' TO SPLIT ON THIS JOB!

NO? I GOT BOUNCED AROUND PLENTY! I'LL SPLIT THAT WITH YOU TWO AS SOON AS I FINISH WHAT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DO... GET THE POLICE!

The DISINTEGRATOR

"WHAT do you think," said Martha Roberts to Darrel Dane. "We're going to a dude ranch out in New Mexico for a month. Isn't it wonderful?"

Darrel grinned. "Wonderful for you. When did all this happen?"

"Dad's half brother, Uncle Lee, invited us. The telegram came this morning. I can hardly wait!"

Darrel pursed his lips. "Going away to spend a fine vacation and leaving me behind!"

Martha pulled a sad face. "Oh, poor Darrel. But why can't you come along?" she added brightly.

Dane shook his head. "Got things to do, my pet. But I'll keep in touch. Maybe I can find time to dash out for a week-end."

Martha was packing, making a bad job of it. "Oh, that'd be wonderful, Darrel," she exclaimed. "Please try and do it, huh?"

"Uh-huh," said Darrel. "Now I must get along. Say good-bye to your father for me."

Lee Macklin, owner of the X Bar L Ranch, watched the station wagon round the last curve in the mountains and began the long drop into the fertile valley where his ranch sprawled for several hundred thousand acres. He grinned slyly.

"And to think the old boy fell for it hook, line and sinker," he said to himself. "Oh, well, it shouldn't be so hard, as I figured. Now to meet the new arrivals with the warmest hospitality."

The station wagon emptied fast. There were two other newcomers besides Dr. Roberts and his daughter. The X Bar L Dude Ranch was famous all over the southwest.

Lee Macklin was an excellent host when he wanted to be. Big, genial, and full of good talk, he was the typical Westerner of the wide spaces. He shook hands with Dr. Roberts and hugged Martha.

"Well, now," he said, chuckling, "to think that little Martha is a young lady!"

Martha laughed.

Dr. Roberts said, "Well, Lee, you have a fine place here. A far cry from the old homestead of fifteen years back, eh?"

A flicker of annoyance passed over Lee's face,

but was quickly displaced by a smile. "You bet, Doc! It took a lot of sweat—and money. But she pulled out in good shape."

Dr. Roberts said, "Your invitation came at a time when I was deep in a very important discovery, Les. I took the liberty of bringing my notes along. I'll have to beg off from the festivities for a few days while I finish this thing. The government is waiting for it."

Lee nodded. "That's perfectly all right, Doc. You always were tinkering with something to make mankind better—or worse! Go to it. The place is yours. I have a neat little bungalow all ready for you and Martha. Come, take a look."

The bungalow was the last word in dude ranch appointments, and it pleased Martha no end. Her father wasn't much interested in such things when he was on a job. If it pleased Martha, that was enough.

While Martha straightened things up, Dr. Roberts unpacked his materials and set them up in one room, off his bedroom. This would serve as his lab.

Lee returned to the house and entered his office. Bates, his lawyer, had driven out from Albuquerque a few minutes before. Now he waited for the rancher.

"Hello, Lee," he said. "Well, what have you found out?"

"Nothing positive. I know he's working on a gadget to make mining easy—an atomic explosion device that will do away with 90 per cent of workers. With a thing like that a fellow would own the world!"

Bates grinned. "Well, you aiming to get it?"

Lee nodded. "You bet, Bates. Old Doc never did anything for me. He got the education, I got a lot of scrubby land. Of course, I've made it pay off. What I mean is, I want money—plenty of it. And this invention will do the trick."

"I understand all details are not finished on the doc's invention," said Bates. "When will you—"

"Soon as he finishes I'll let you know—you and the boys. Can't do anything before it's done." Lee pointed a long finger at the lawyer. "Understand, Bates, my cut is half. You've got to take care of the others out of your share."

"That's agreeable, Lee. Now I must be gone."

Let me know soon as things are ready." He went out.

Lee paced the room for a while. "Half brother!" he snorted. "Why should I give a hang about him?"

A few days later, Dr. Roberts informed Lee that he would like to make some tests on his invention. Was there a mountainside some miles away where there would be no interference from people, nor any danger to stock?

"You see," added the doctor, "this is an atomic disintegrator. Wherever its beam strikes, everything simply vanishes—everything not composed of ore or metal. Rock and soil simply dissolve into thin air, leaving the bare ore ready to be lifted out in hunks."

Lee's eyes glinted. This sounded like the real thing. He knew where just such a mountain was to be had. "About ten miles from here, Doc. A beaut of a place for your tests."

Lee thought of something: "What will that beam do to animal matter—human beings for instance?"

Doctor Roberts smiled. "I'm not sure, Lee, but I'd imagine that the bone structure would simply collapse and the creature be reduced to a mass of skin and flesh . . . I've never tried it, of course."

Lee shivered, visualizing what a weapon this would be in the hands of a belligerent nation. Yes, there were possibilities galore in the thing!

The tests were witnessed by government officials, who were satisfied. There were still a few 'bugs' to be removed, and Dr. Roberts was to have the thing ready within three days.

Darrel Dane arrived at the ranch the next morning. He was agitated and was closeted with Dr. Roberts for an hour before Martha saw him. When she did, his face was enough to make her demand to know what was bothering him.

"Those tests your dad gave the other day," he said. "Those government men. They were not government men at all; at least not men of the U. S. Government. They were foreign agents!"

"No! Then Dad—"

"There's nothing they can get as yet," said Darrel. "Your dad hasn't released any figures. He has some further experimenting to do on the device. But I'm afraid he is in danger."

"What can we do?" asked Martha, with a worried look.

"The final tests come off tomorrow. The so-called government men will be back to witness them. Also the real government men will be there; but they won't be in evidence. Nor will I . . . we'll try to trap them at one crack!"

Dr. Roberts' disintegrator was a small device, no larger than a suitcase. It had a pair of

long tubes holding lenses, and several knobs on the control panel. It stood on a tripod three hundred yards from a high hill. Roberts stood at the controls, while the government men (the phonies) and Lee took places to one side.

The sun had set. They awaited darkness because then it would be possible to watch the ray eat into the mountain and by the changing colors know what types of ore were being uncovered by the powerful beams.

Suddenly a hard fist connected with Dr. Roberts' chin, and he went down without a sound. There was a scurry of feet, a jarring commotion, and then the station wagon's engine roared and it shot away. The government men rushed out of a cave in the hillside, stood blinking their eyes, while one of them bent over the knocked out Roberts.

"They got away. I didn't expect such fast work," said one of the operators. "But where's Darrel Dane?"

Where was Darrel Dane? During the darkness a tiny figure, scarcely a foot tall, had wriggled up the disintegrator's tripod leg, crawled into a safe niche in the machine, and settled down to wait. He felt the machine being grabbed and hurriedly slid into the station wagon, felt the car take off with a jerk, and now he knew that the time for action had come.

Darrel Dane, with his uncanny ability to instantly concentrate the molecules of his body and thus shrink to minute size, had done just that. Now he clambored down out of the disintegrator's case and stood in the rear of the station wagon. The front seat towered above him. He began climbing, having a hard time hanging on as the car took curves madly. But at last he perched on the top of the seat. With a neat clip he knocked out the man sitting on the right.

"W-what th—" began the driver. Then:

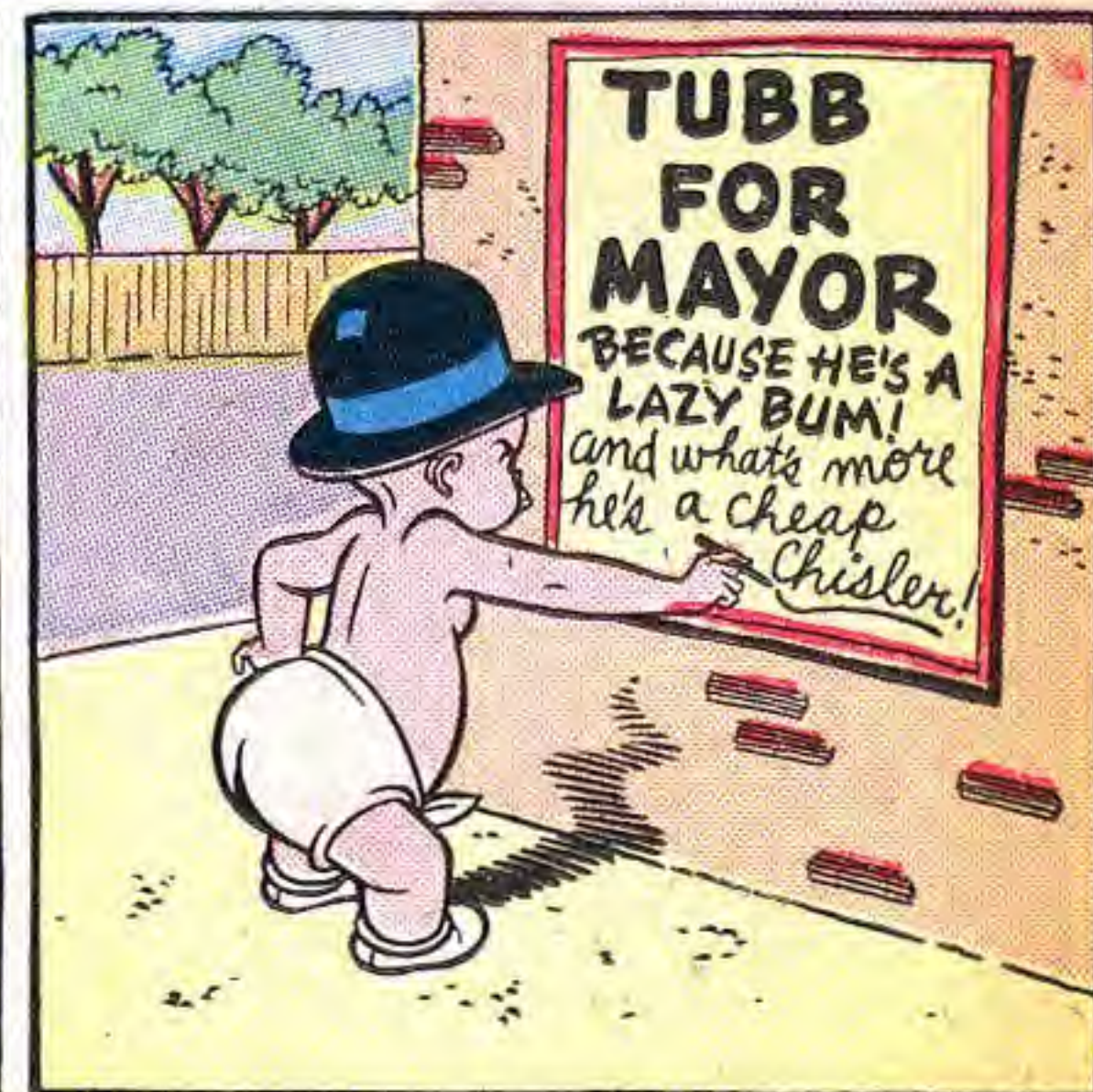
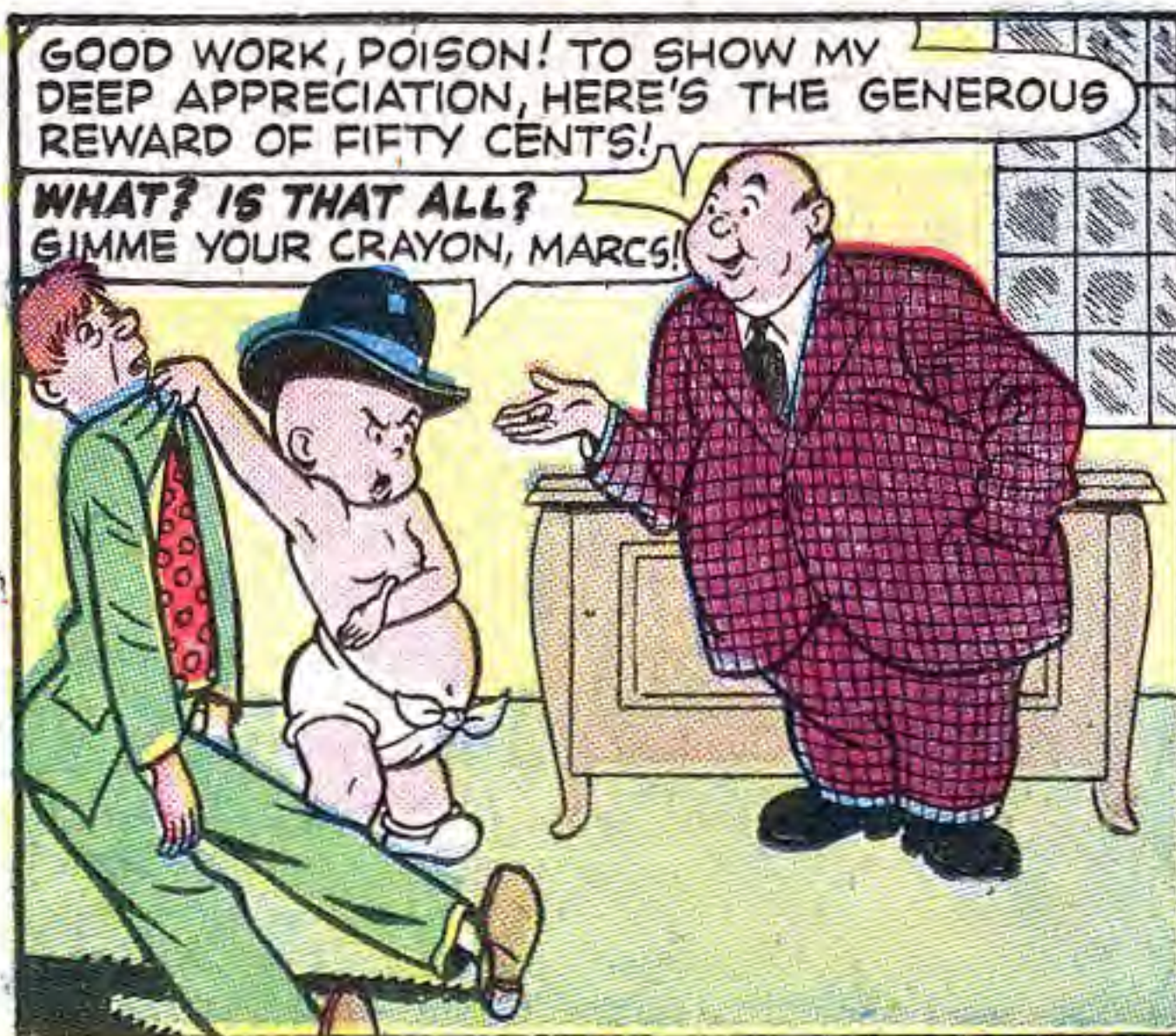
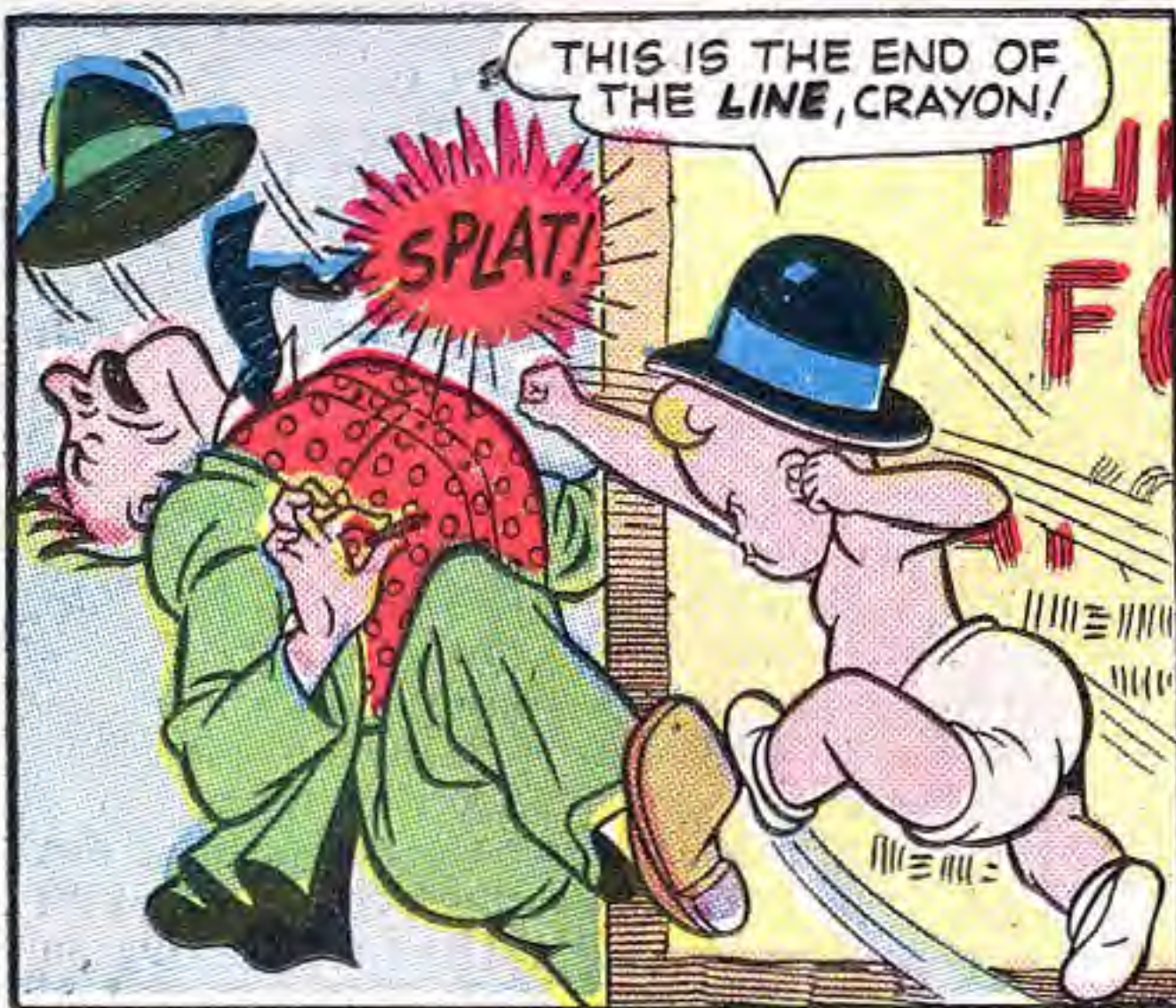
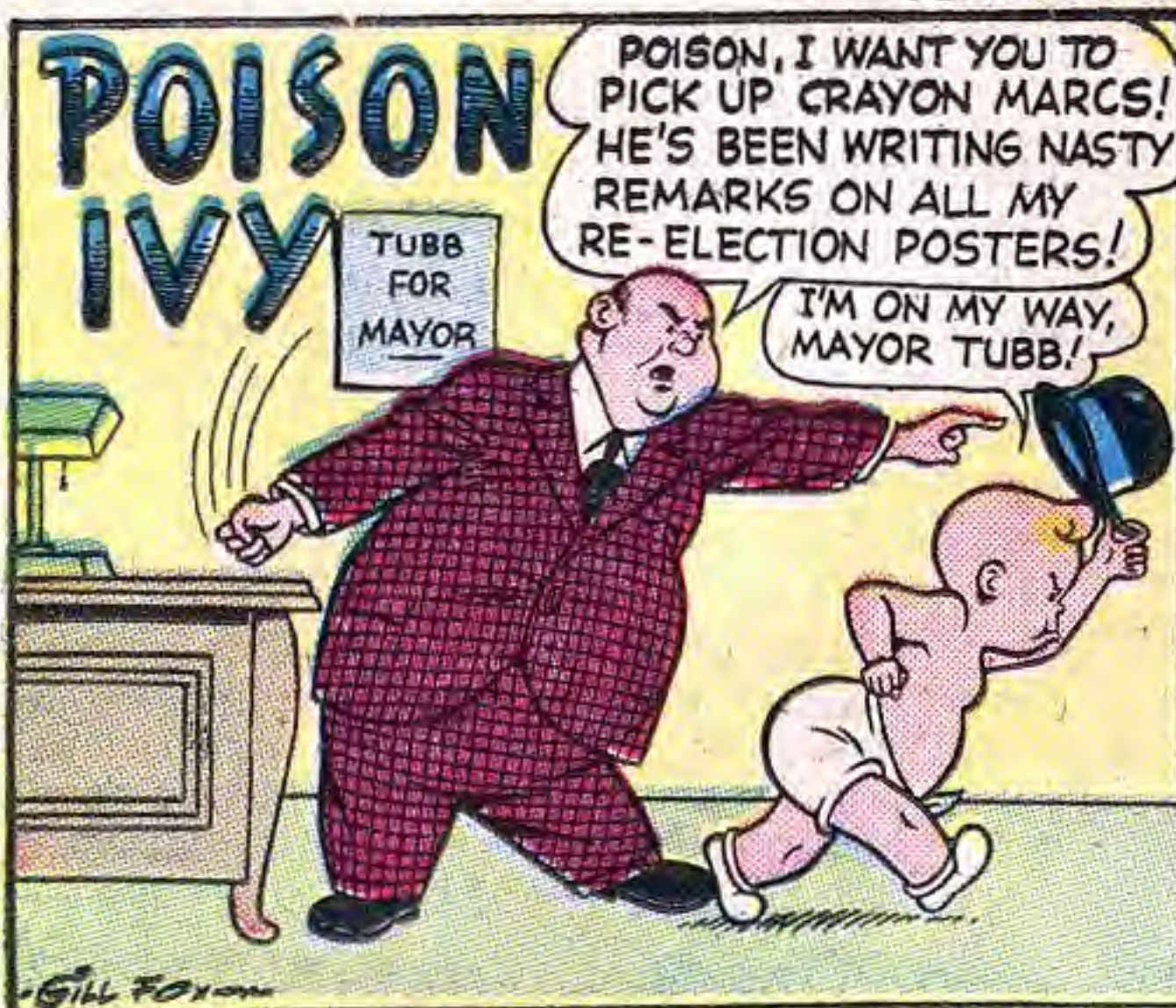
"Er-rr—hey!"

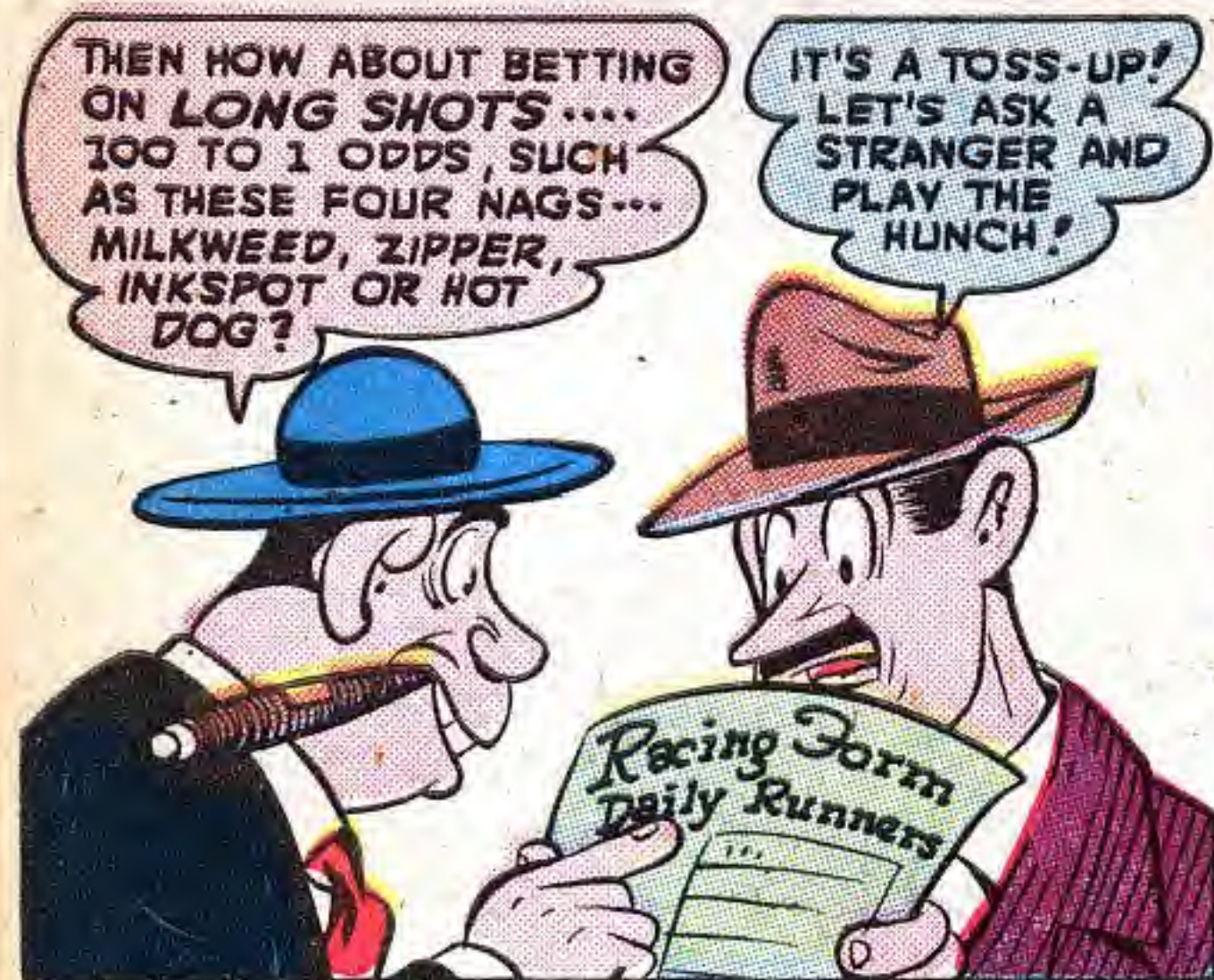
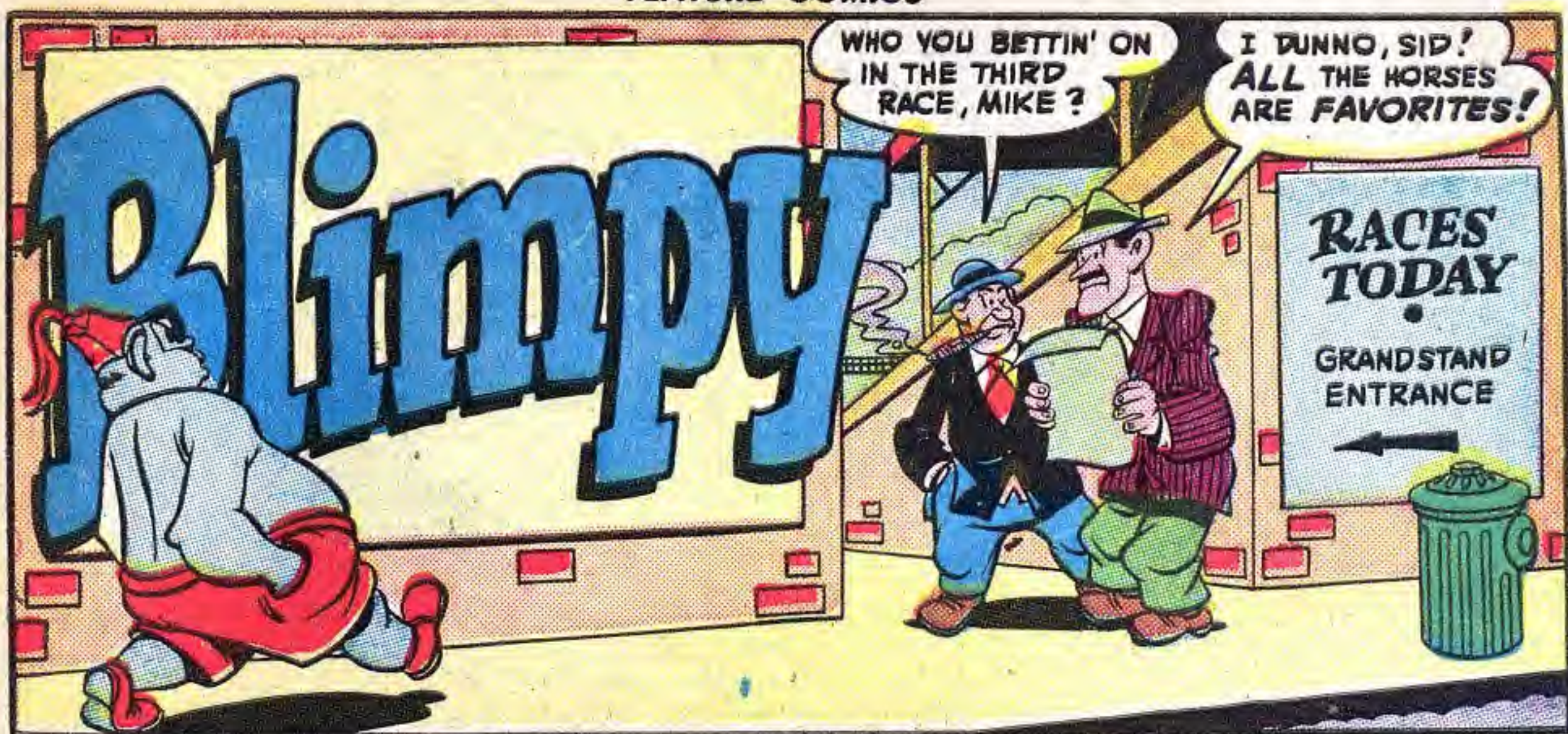
A tiny figure leaped to the instrument board and turned the ignition switch, dropping the key on the floor. The driver slapped on the brakes. Next the figure leaped to his chest and it felt as if a pile-driver hit him on the button. He too slumped over as the car came to a stop.

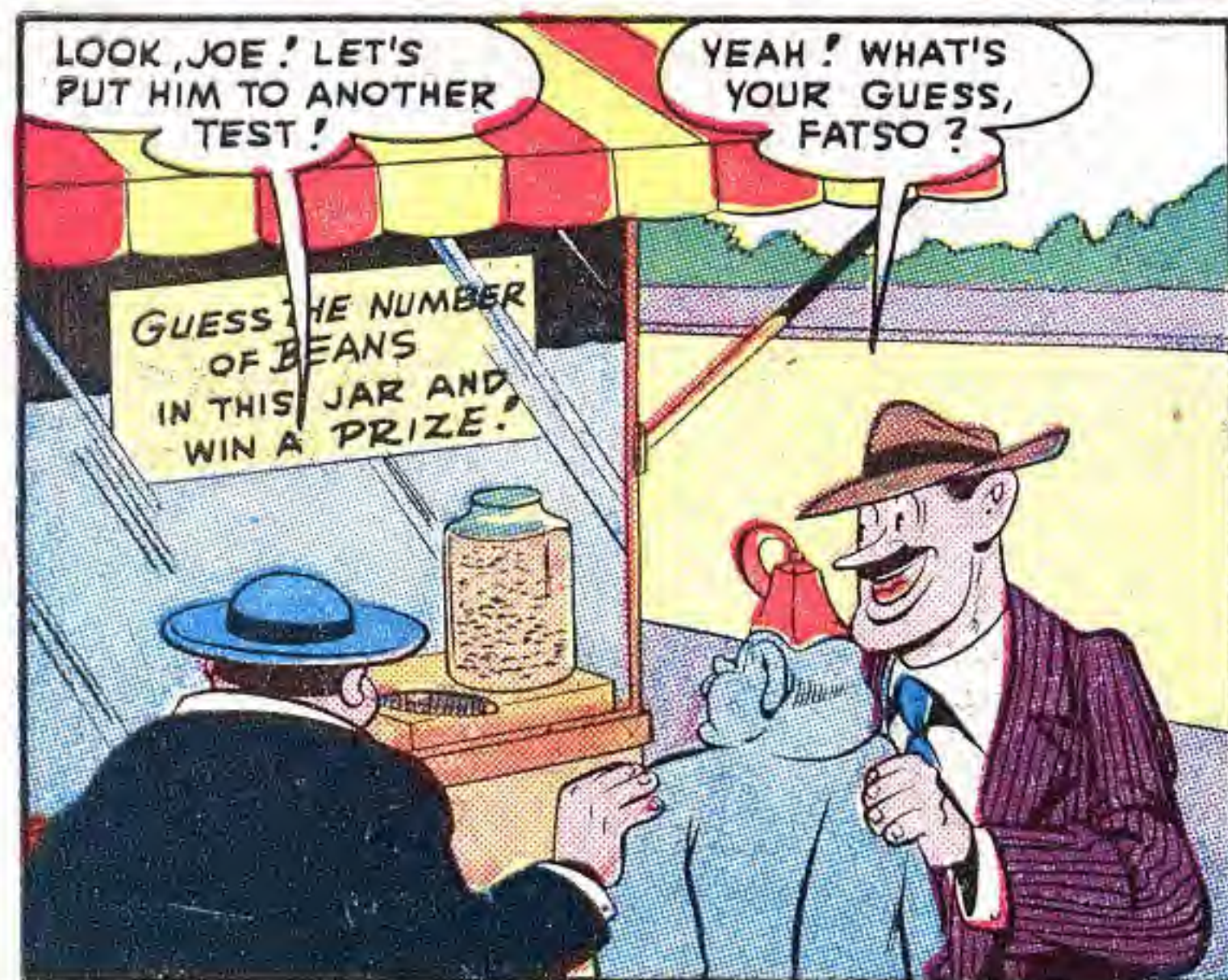
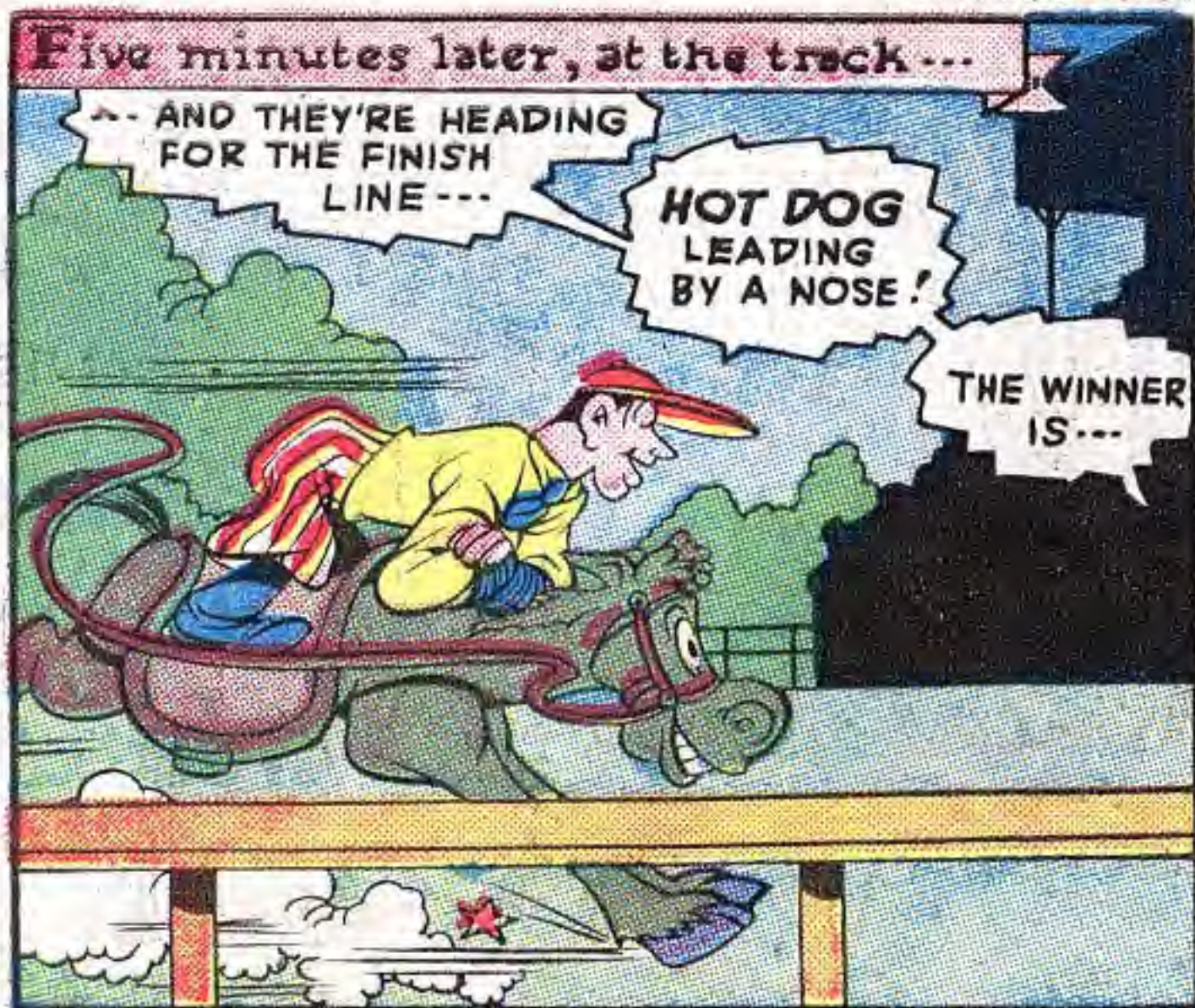
"I didn't expect things to happen just that way," said Darrel Dane, now his full size, as he drove the car back to the testing ground. "We've got these two, but where is Lee?"

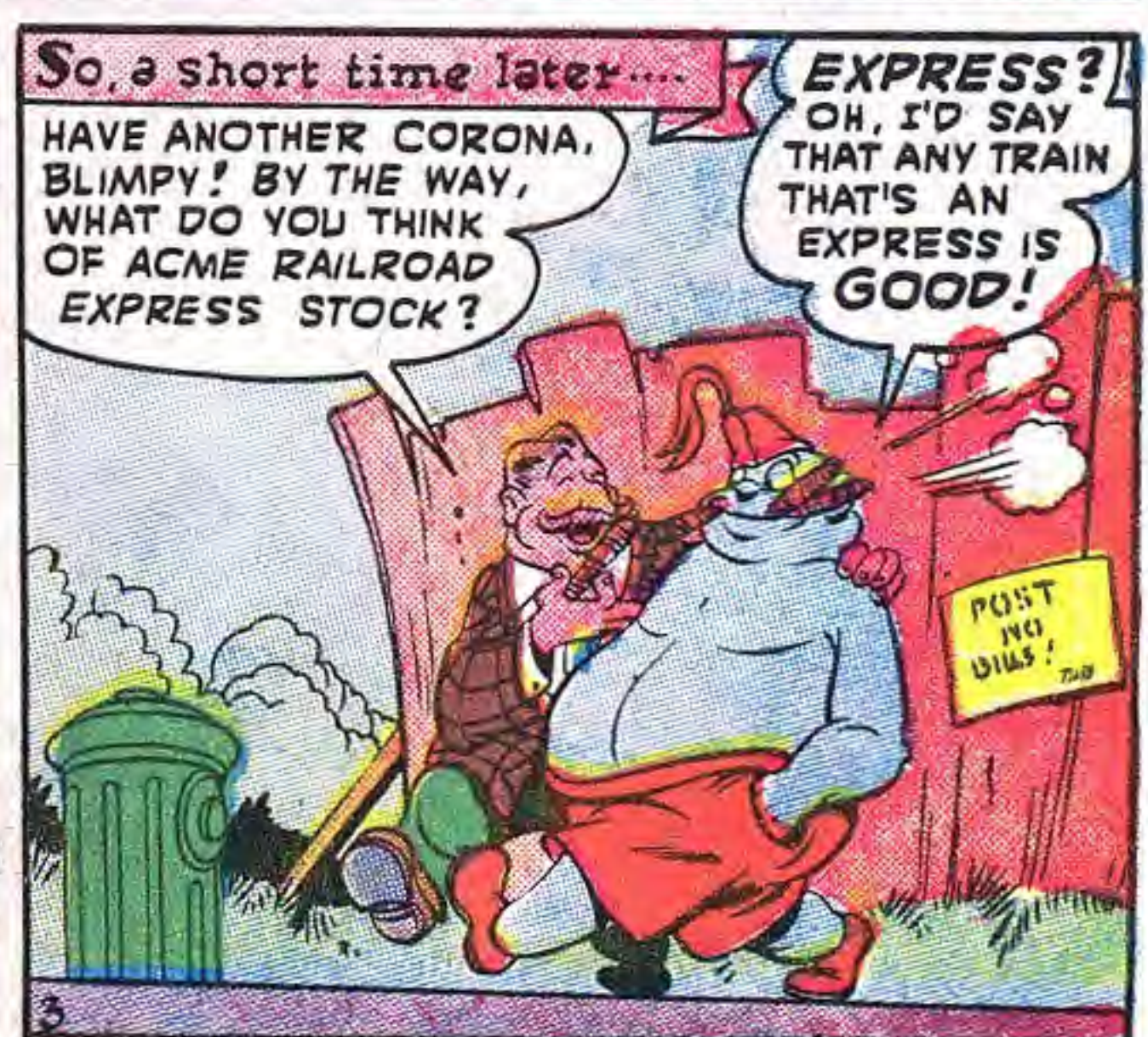
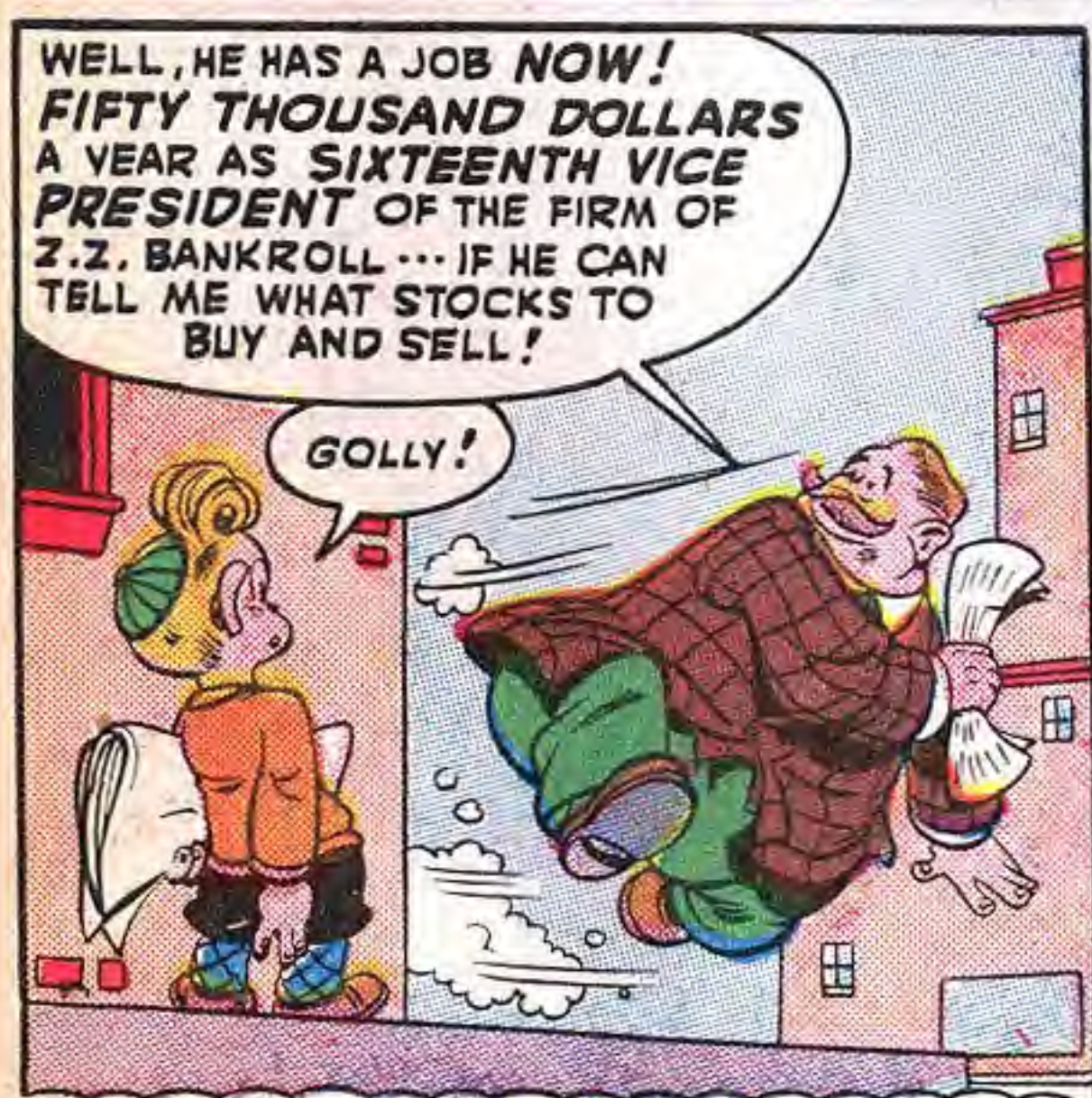
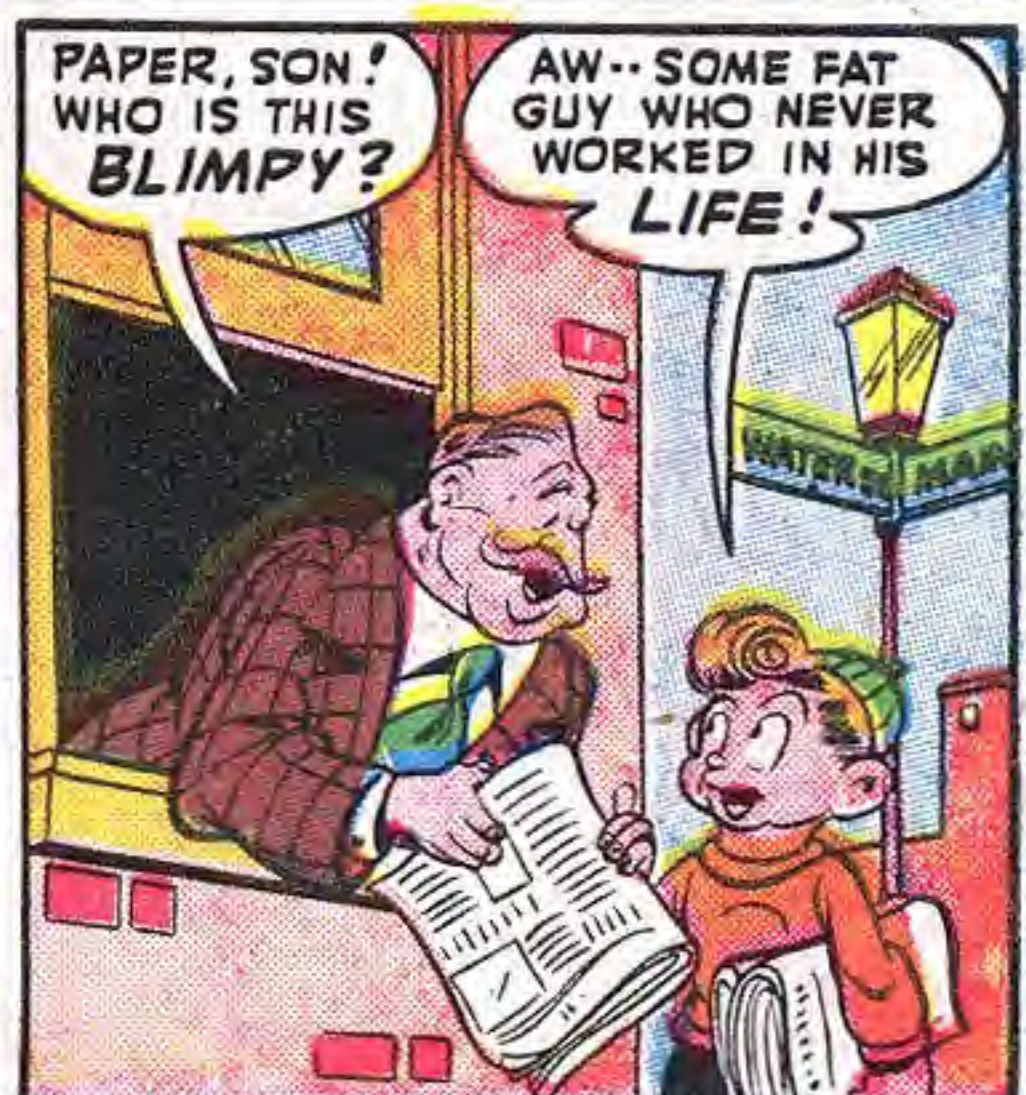
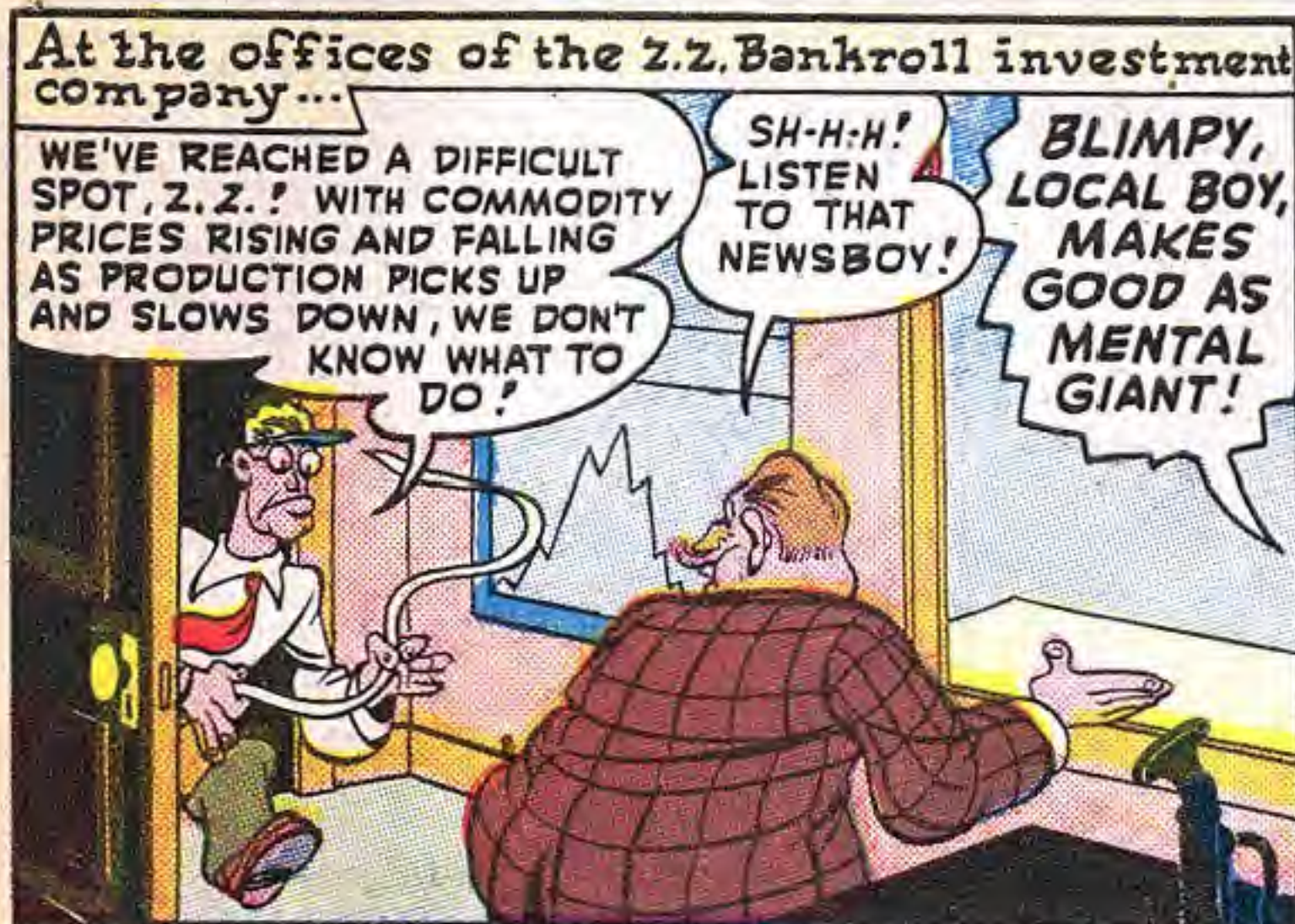
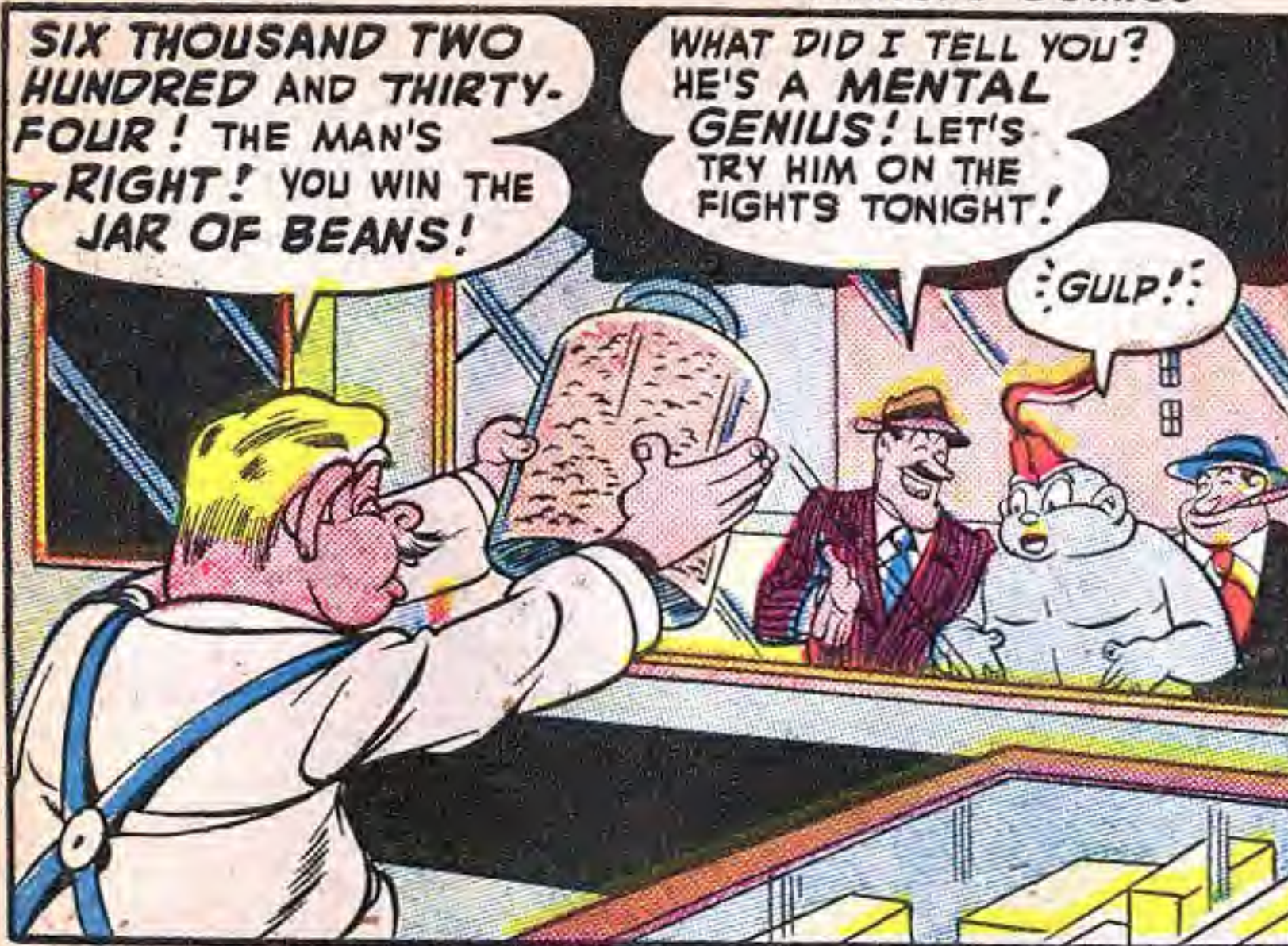
"He got away in the ruckus," replied one of the government men! What I can't figure is how you managed to stow away on that car."

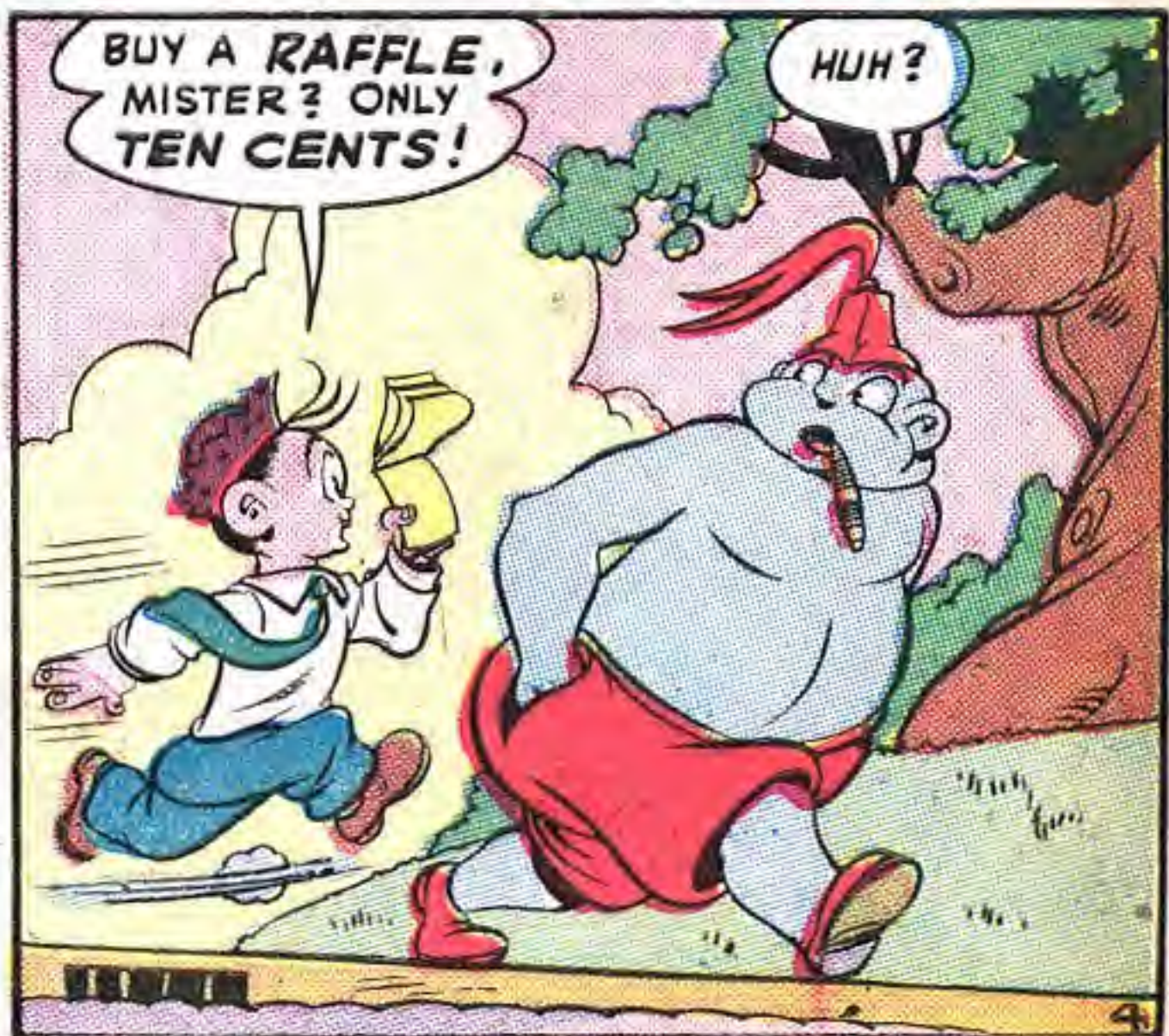
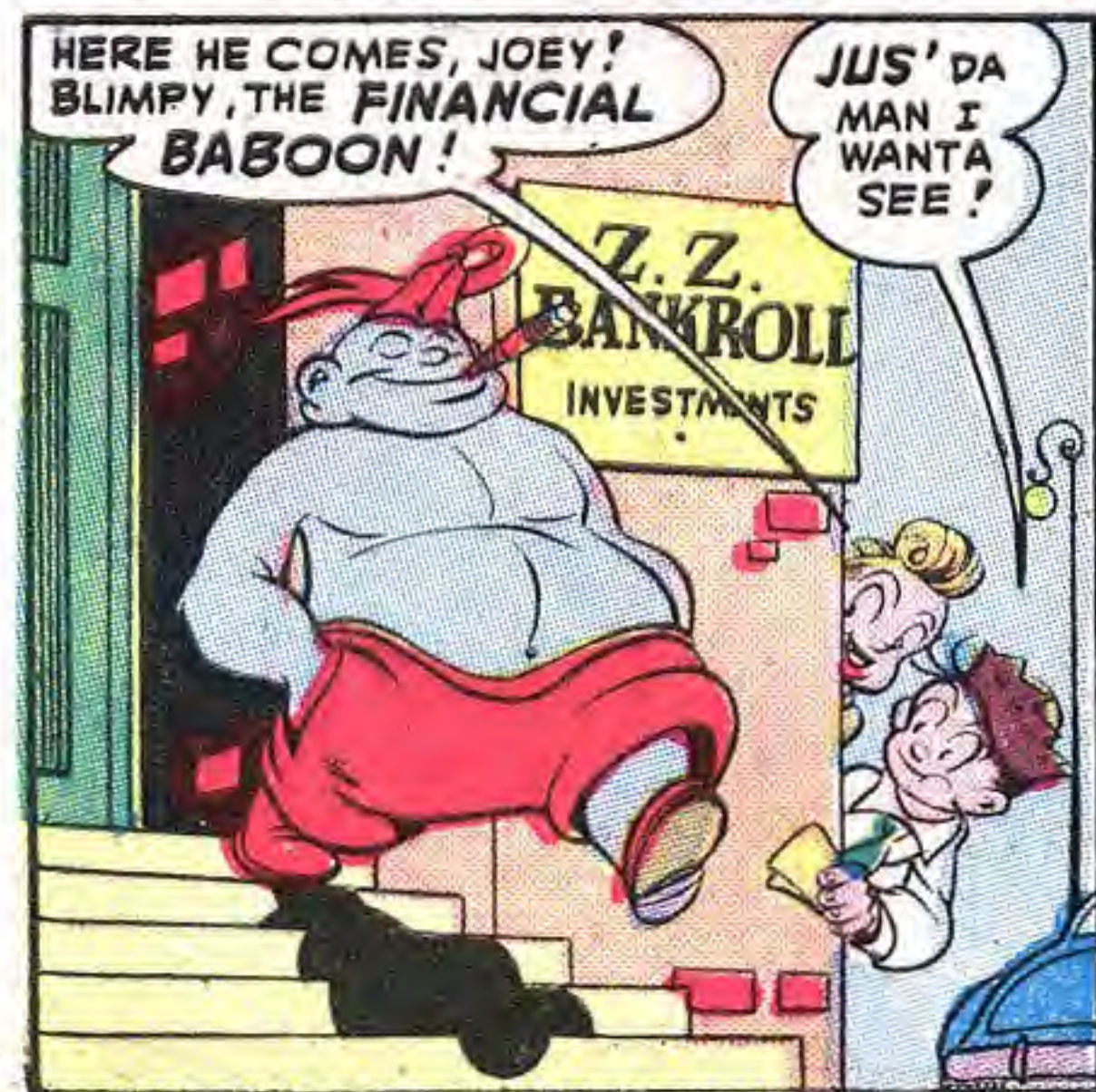
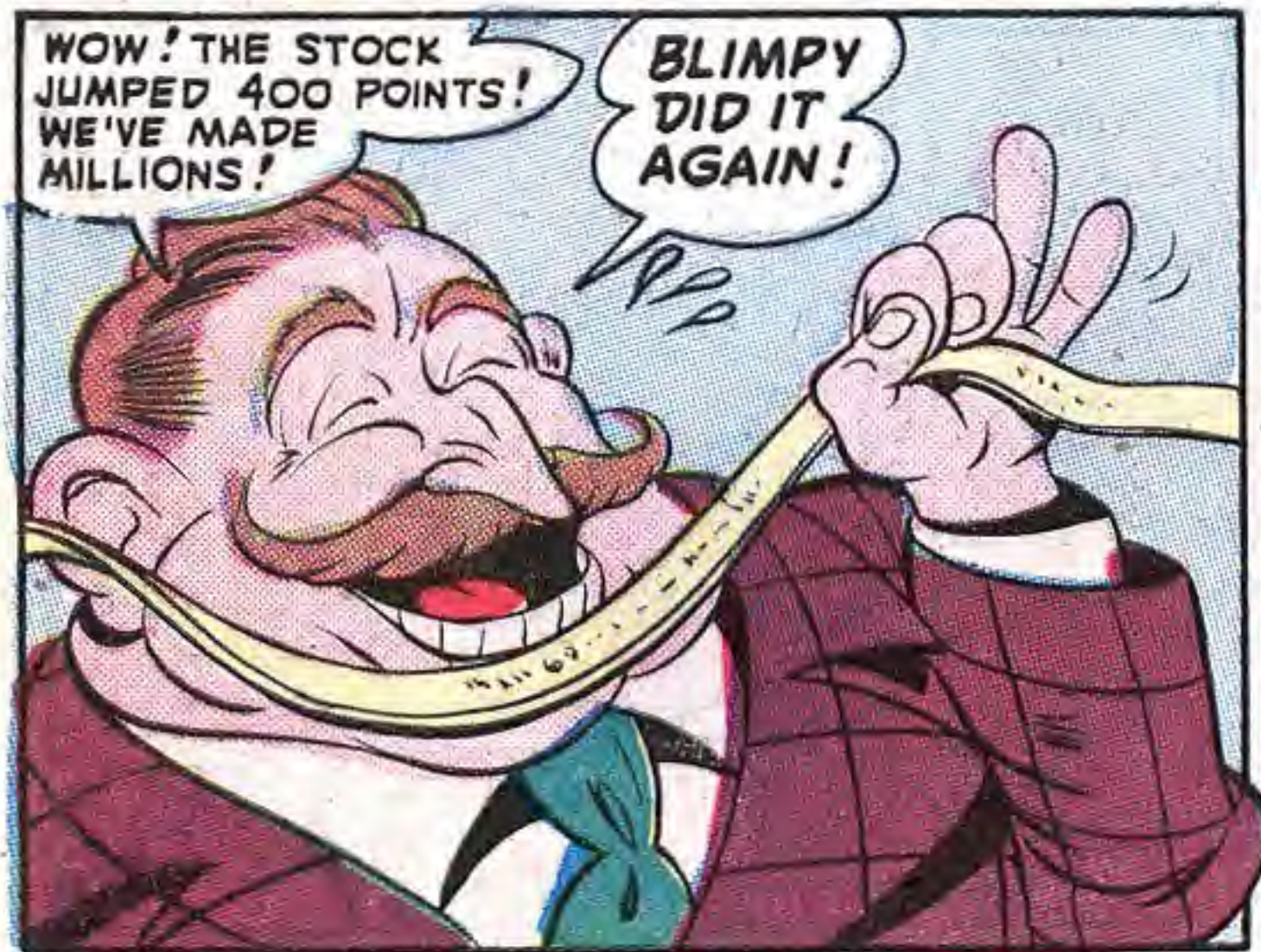
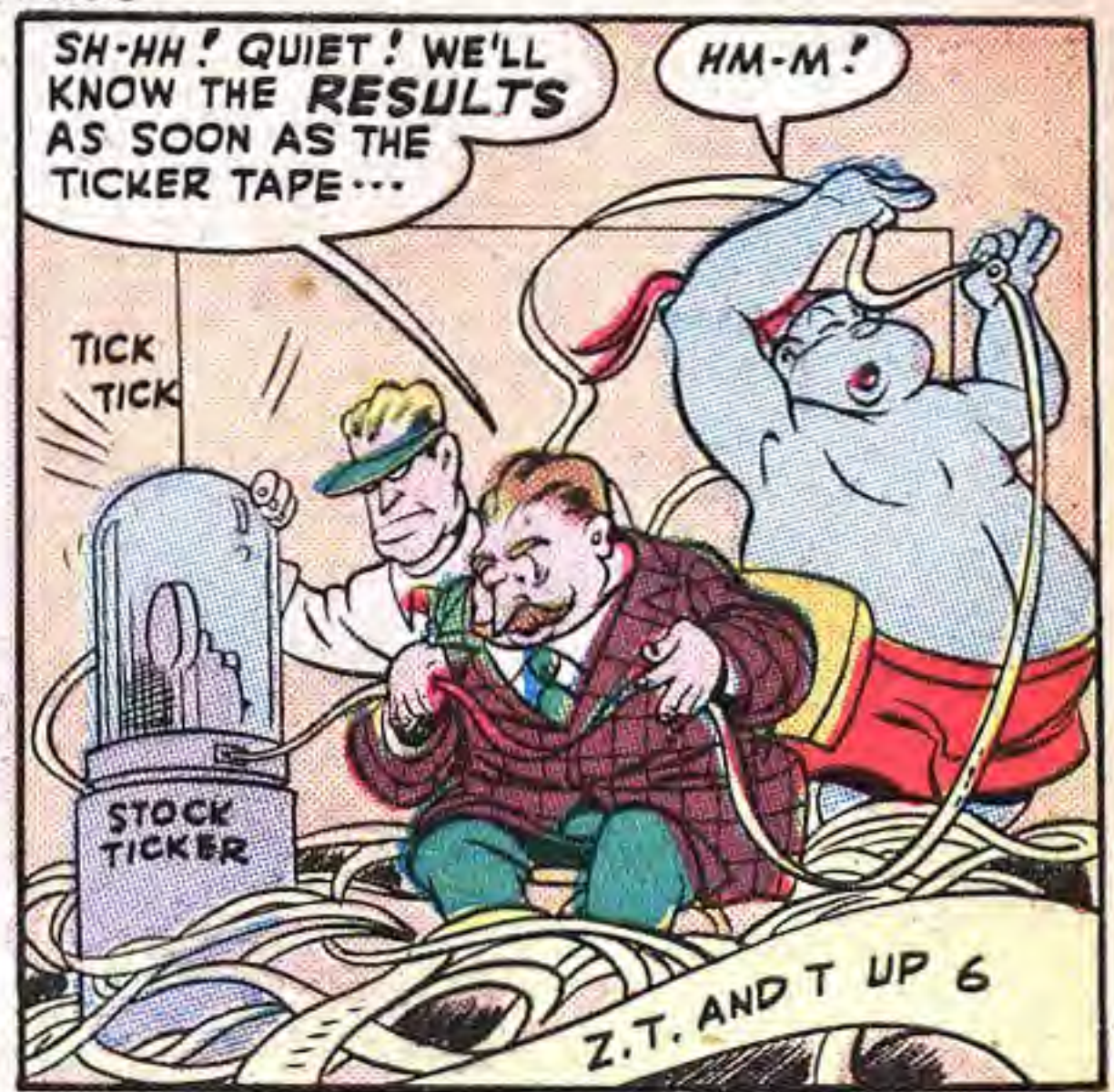
Darrel grinned. "That doesn't matter, sir. I figured one of those lads stole the doctor's papers when he hit him. I found them on the fellow, all right. Now we'd better load Dr. Roberts in and take him to the ranch."











Meanwhile...

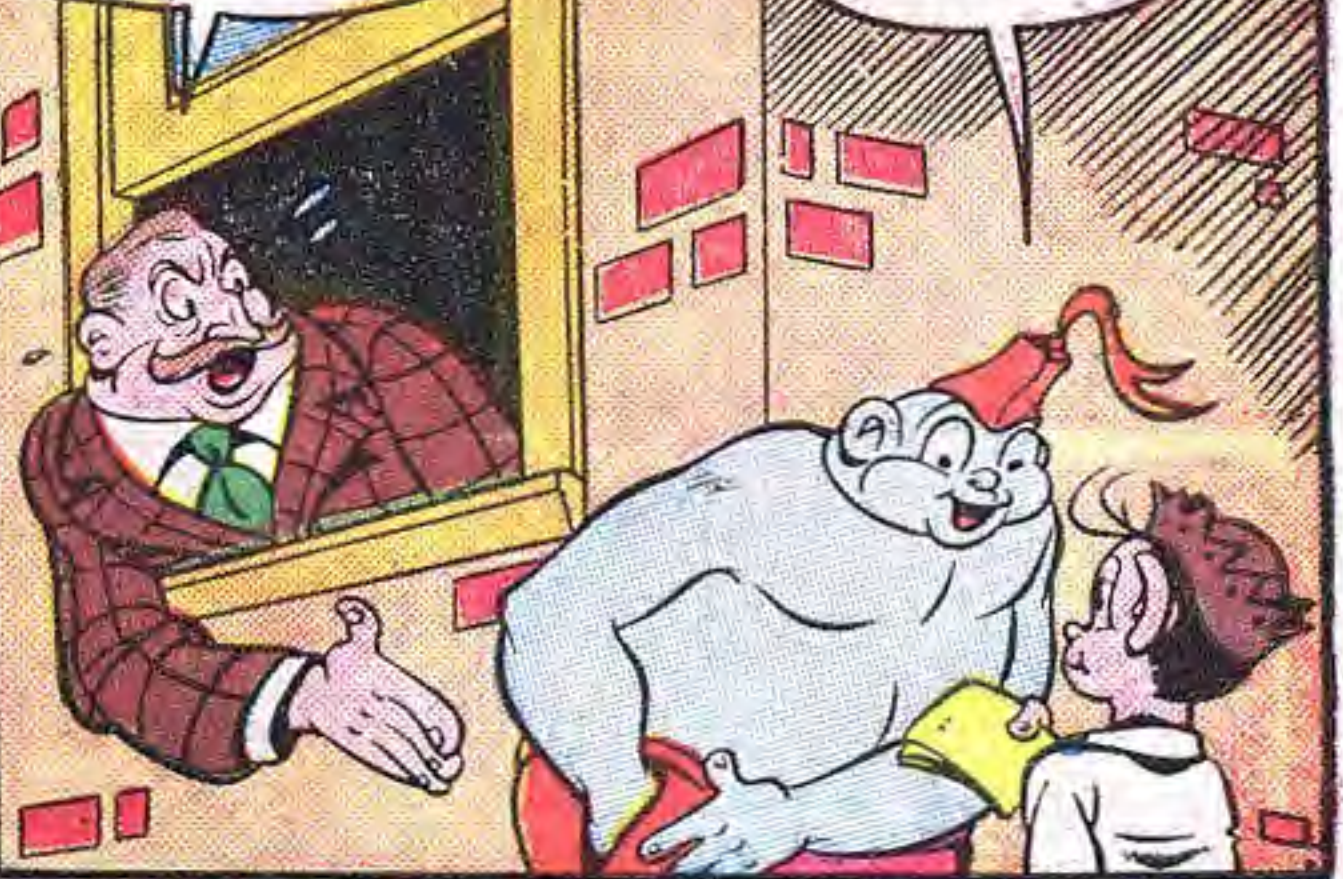
Z.Z., LOOK! THE HIGH PRICE OF RAILROAD STOCK IS FORCING DOWN THE QUOTATIONS ON AIR-PLANE STOCK! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST BEFORE THE MARKET CLOSSES!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO **SELL!** WHERE IS BLIMPY...OH, THERE HE IS!



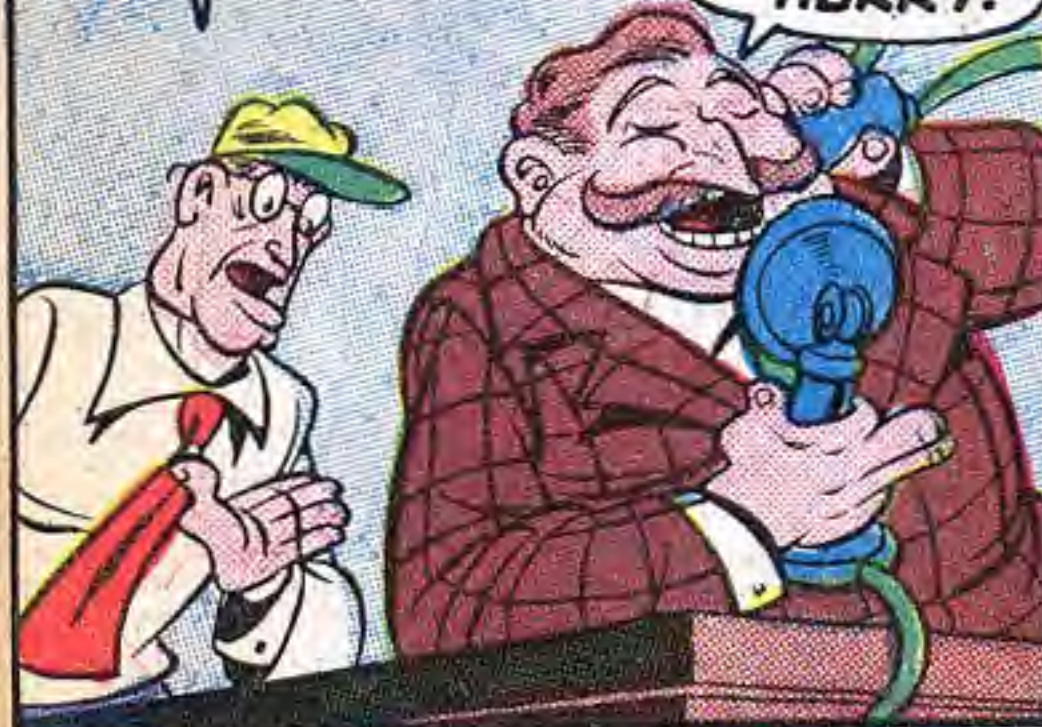
BLIMPY! WE'RE SELLING THE AIR-PLANE ISSUE STOCK! WHAT PRICE SHALL WE ASK?

TEN CENTS! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY FOR A RAFFLE, BUT I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!



HE SAID TO SELL AT **TEN CENTS?** WE'LL LOSE OUR SHIRTS, Z.Z.!

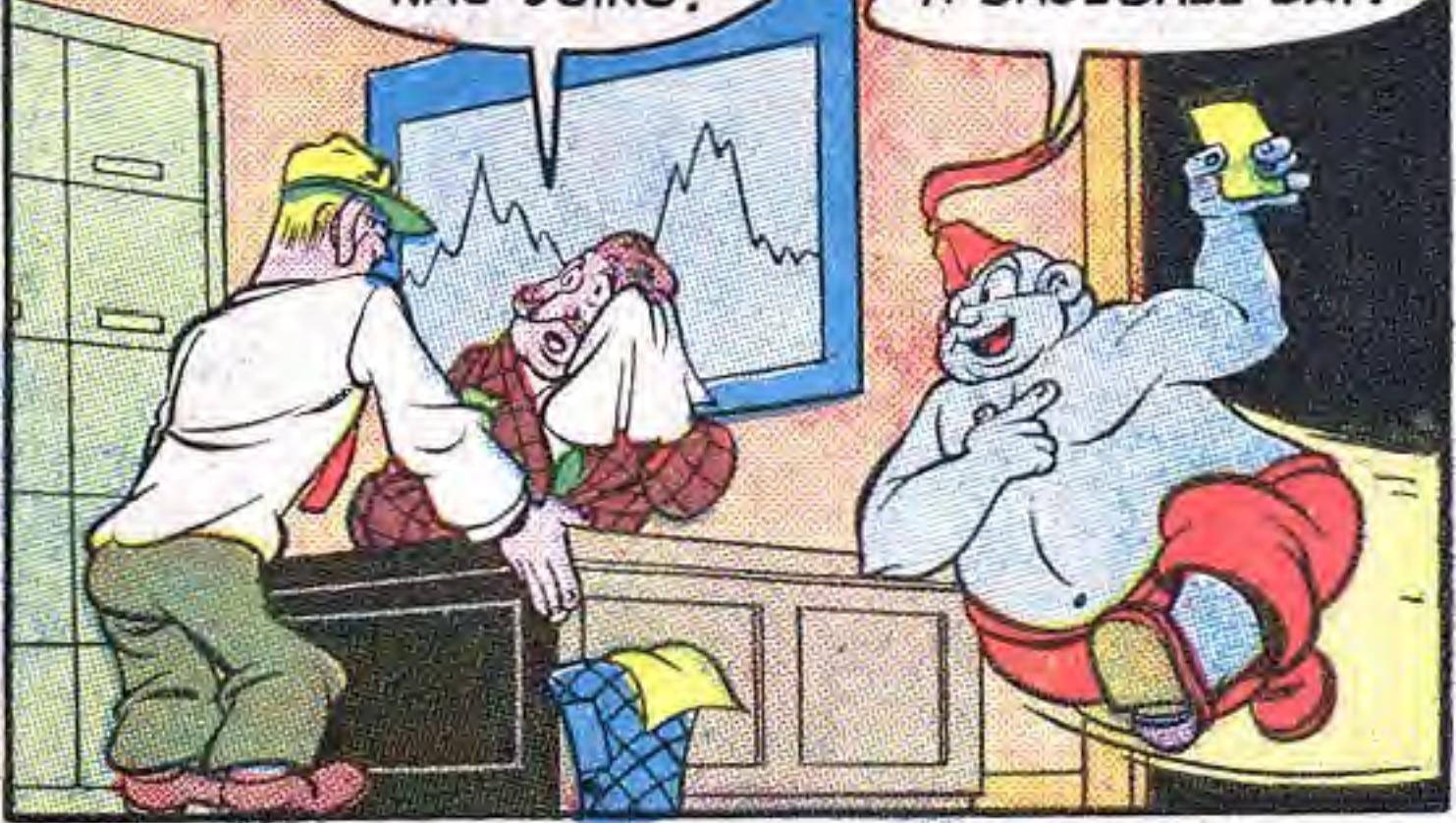
DON'T DOUBT BLIMPY'S WORD! WE'LL SELL! HELLO, LET ME SPEAK TO MY BROKER! **HURRY!**



Later...

WHEW! WE'VE SOLD AND JUST MADE IT! I HOPE HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING!

LOOK, FELLOWS! I MADE ANOTHER GOOD DEAL! I BOUGHT A TEN CENT RAFFLE ON A BASEBALL BAT!



TEN CENTS? TEN!! OHHHH! WE'RE RUINED!

GET OUT, Y-YOU-- YOU BUM! YOU'RE FIRED!



And so...

EXTREE! READ ALL ABOUT IT! Z.Z. BANKROLL **BANKRUPT!** BLIMPY RESIGNS FROM CORPORATION!

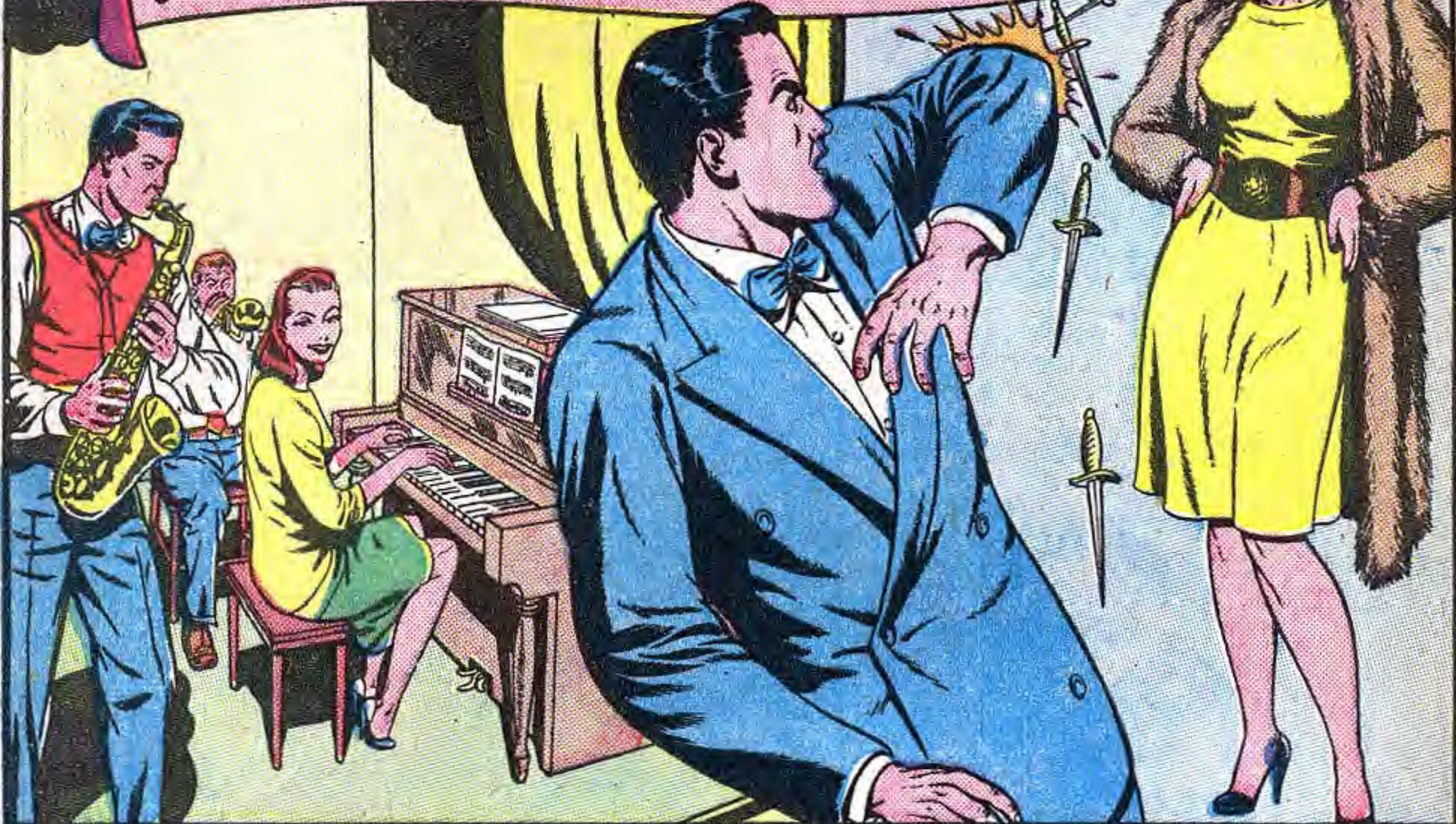
HMM! GAMBLERS AND BANKERS ARE PECULIAR PEOPLE! GIVE ME A HOT DOG!

COMING UP!



SWING SISSON

When Swing Sisson went to high school, he formed a musical friendship that ripened into **THIS!**



SWEET SUE, FEMME MAESTRO OF THE FAMOUS JIVE JULIETS, GETS A VOCAL TELEGRAM...

FROM SWING SISSON, LADY! I WAS INSTRUCTED TO TELL YOU-- PFFFFFT!

TAKE A RETURN MESSAGE! HE CAN CHANGE THE G FOR AN E AND CALL HIMSELF SWINE SISSON!



I'VE IDOLIZED THE GUY EVER SINCE WE WERE KIDS TOGETHER -- NOW HE KEEPS NEEDLING ME! NOTES AND MESSAGES THAT MY BAND AND I ARE LOUSY!

HE SOUNDS LIKE A DOPE!



IF YOU'D TOLD ME THIS BEFORE, I'D HAVE HUNTED HIM UP AND PUNCHED HIM IN THE NOSE!

YOU'RE MY MALE VOCALIST, ROGER -- NOT MY MUSCLE MAN! I'M GOING OUT AFTER THE SHOW AND TELL HIM WHAT'S WHAT, MYSELF!



THE SHOW'S OVER FOR THE NIGHT FOR SWING SISSON...

ANOTHER POISON PEN NOTE FROM SWEET SUE -- THE GAL WHO WAS MY SCHOOL-DAY FRIEND! NOTICE, I SAY WAS!

FRIENDSHIPS ARE LIKE FISH -- SOMETIMES THEY SPOIL WITH AGE! OOH, LOOK WHO'S COMING!

CLOVER CLUB

STAGE ENTRANCE



WELL, SWING SISSON! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! DO YOU CALL YOURSELF A GENTLEMAN?

IF I WASN'T, I'D HAVE SOMETHING UNPLEASANT TO SAY ABOUT CERTAIN MESSAGES --



MESSAGES, YES! THEN YOU DO KNOW ABOUT THEM! THEY'RE NOT A JOKE!

NOT TO ME! EVERY WORD OF THEM PROVES YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE OF --



THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! TAKE THAT -- AND CRAWL DOWN A SAXOPHONE AND STAY THERE!

YOU COWARD! YOU KNOW SWING WOULDN'T FIGHT A WOMAN -- BUT I WILL!



LET ME GO, TOBY! SHE'S SHOWN HERSELF FOR THE CAT SHE IS --- AND I'LL MAKE HER SCAT!

WAIT! WAIT! STOP THIS RIOT OUTSIDE MY CLUB!



SWING'S GETTING NASTY ABOUT MY BAND AND ITS MUSIC! WE COULD PLAY HIS FIFE-AND-DRUM CORPS CLEAR OUT OF BOOGIE-WOOGIE BOULEVARD!

IF IT'S A QUESTION OF MUSICAL SUPERIORITY, WHY NOT SETTLE THE ARGUMENT WITH MUSIC -- NOT MAYHEM?



THAT'S AN IDEA! WE'LL CHALLENGE SWEET SUE'S MILKMAIDS TO A TUNE TOURNAMENT --- LET THE PUBLIC DECIDE WHO'S SOUR!

I'LL GUARANTEE THE JIVE JULIETS WILL TAKE THE DARE --- AND SEND YOU LUGS BACK TO BRICKLAYING!



MR. MASON, THE MANAGER OF THE CLOVER CLUB, SEES THE SENSATION THAT THE CONTEST CAN PROVE! HE ARRANGES THE MUSICAL DUEL--- NEWSPAPERS AND RADIO REPORTERS GIVE IT PUBLICITY! IT BECOMES THE TALK OF THE TOWN!

PLEASE, LADIES! THIS IS A COCKTAIL LOUNGE, NOT A BOXING ARENA!

SHE SAYS SWEET SUE CAN OUTPLAY SWING SISSON! I WON'T **ENDURE** SUCH AN OPINION!

FIGHTIN' ABOUT THE MUSIC CONTEST, HUH? OUGHTA BE A RULE AGAINST IT!

NOT HERE! OUR ONLY RULE IS THAT EVERY CUSTOMER BURIES HIS OWN DEAD!

DRINK OLD 101 M.M. 2 SHOTS FOR 10¢

SWING'S DRESSING ROOM THE NIGHT OF THE CONTEST....

I STILL CAN'T SEE HOW SUE TURNED FROM SWEET TO SOUR!

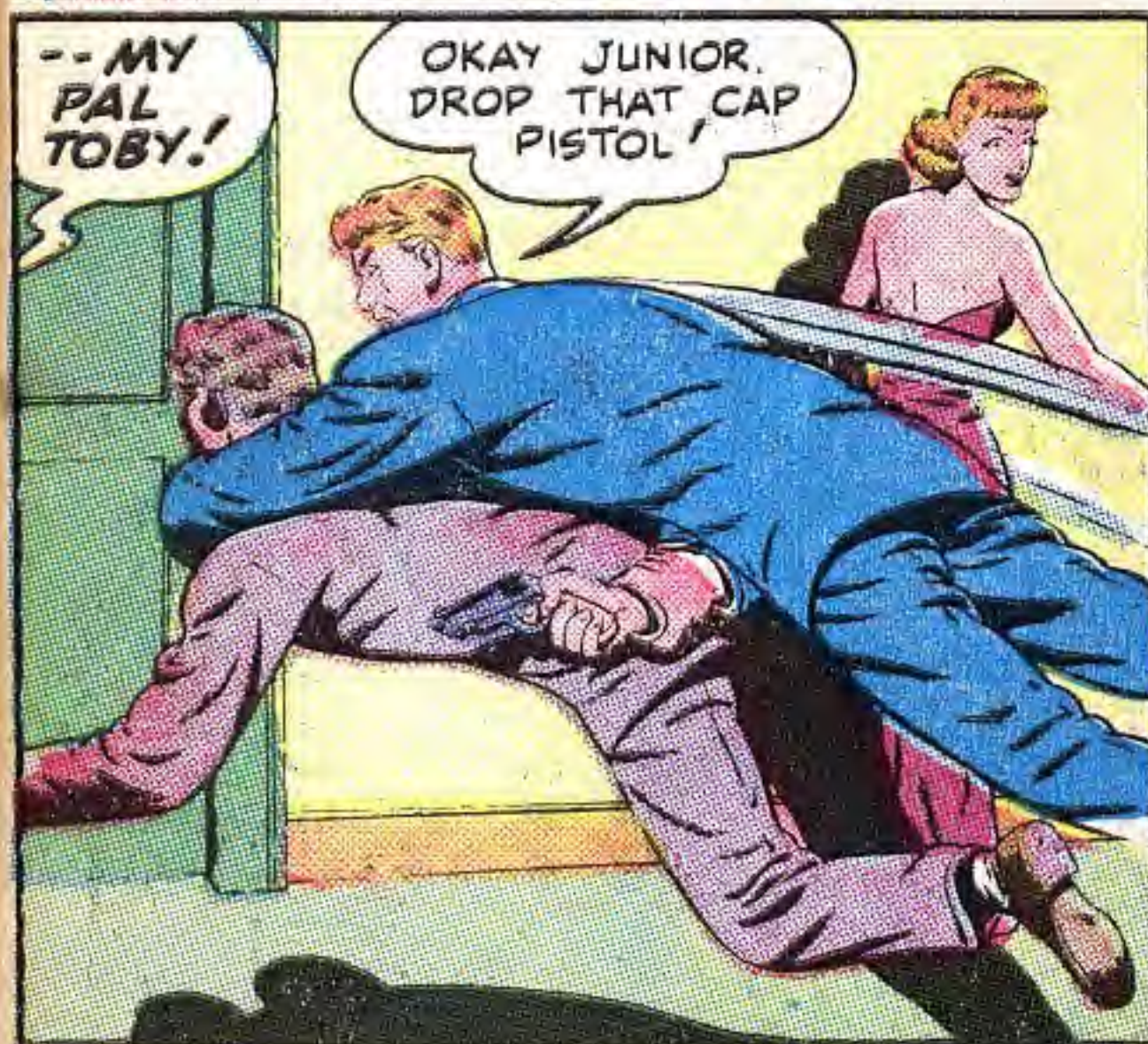
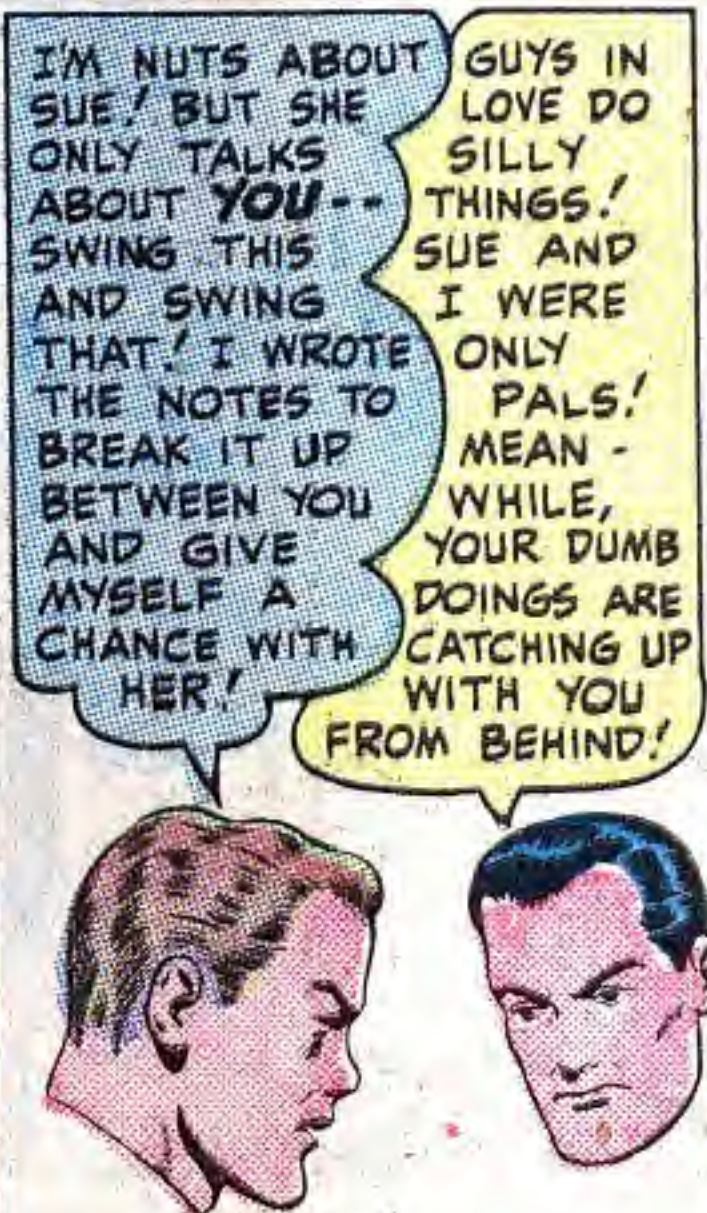
FROM WHAT I SAW OF HER, IT CAME EASY! SEE YOU LATER, SWING!

WHAT--

YOU AIN'T GONNA BE IN THE LINEUP TONIGHT, SISTER! COME WID US!

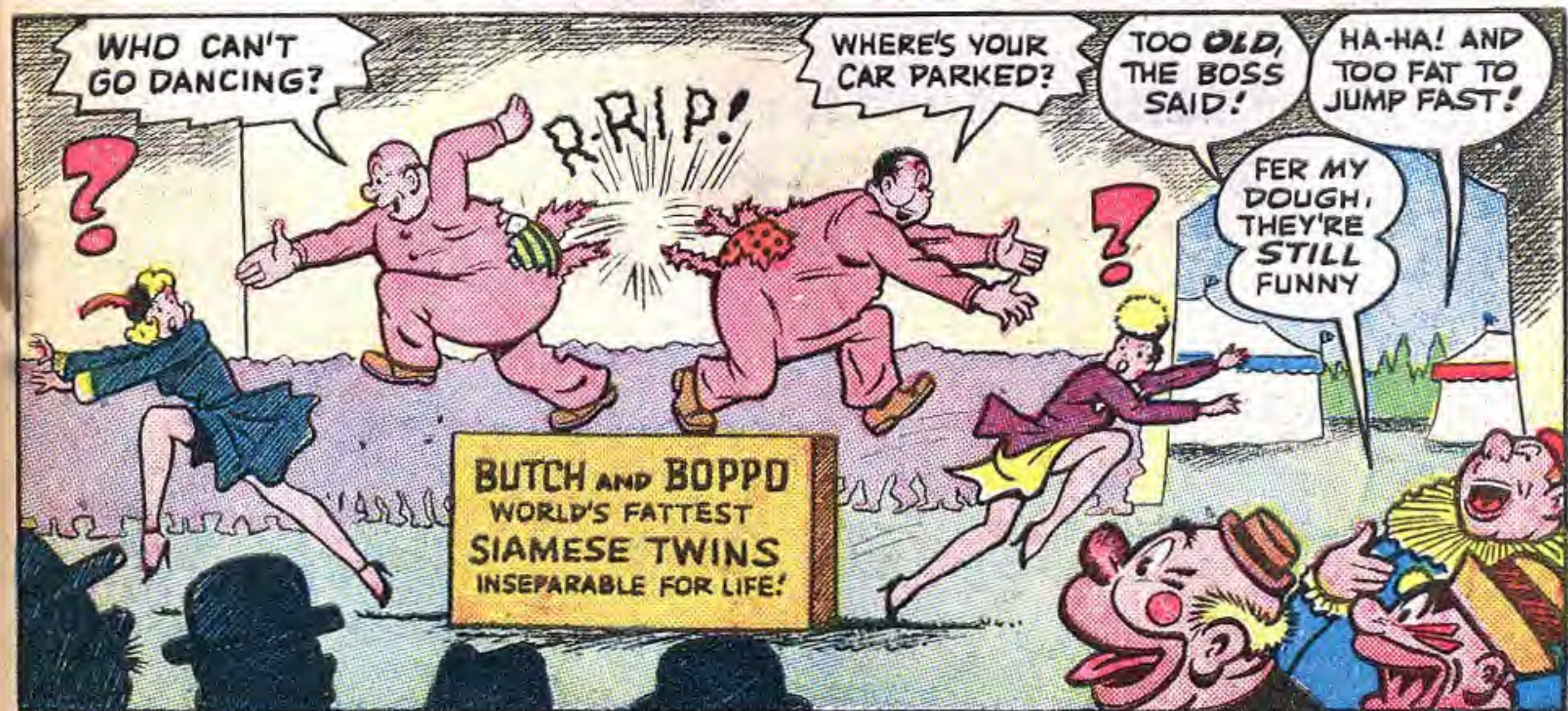
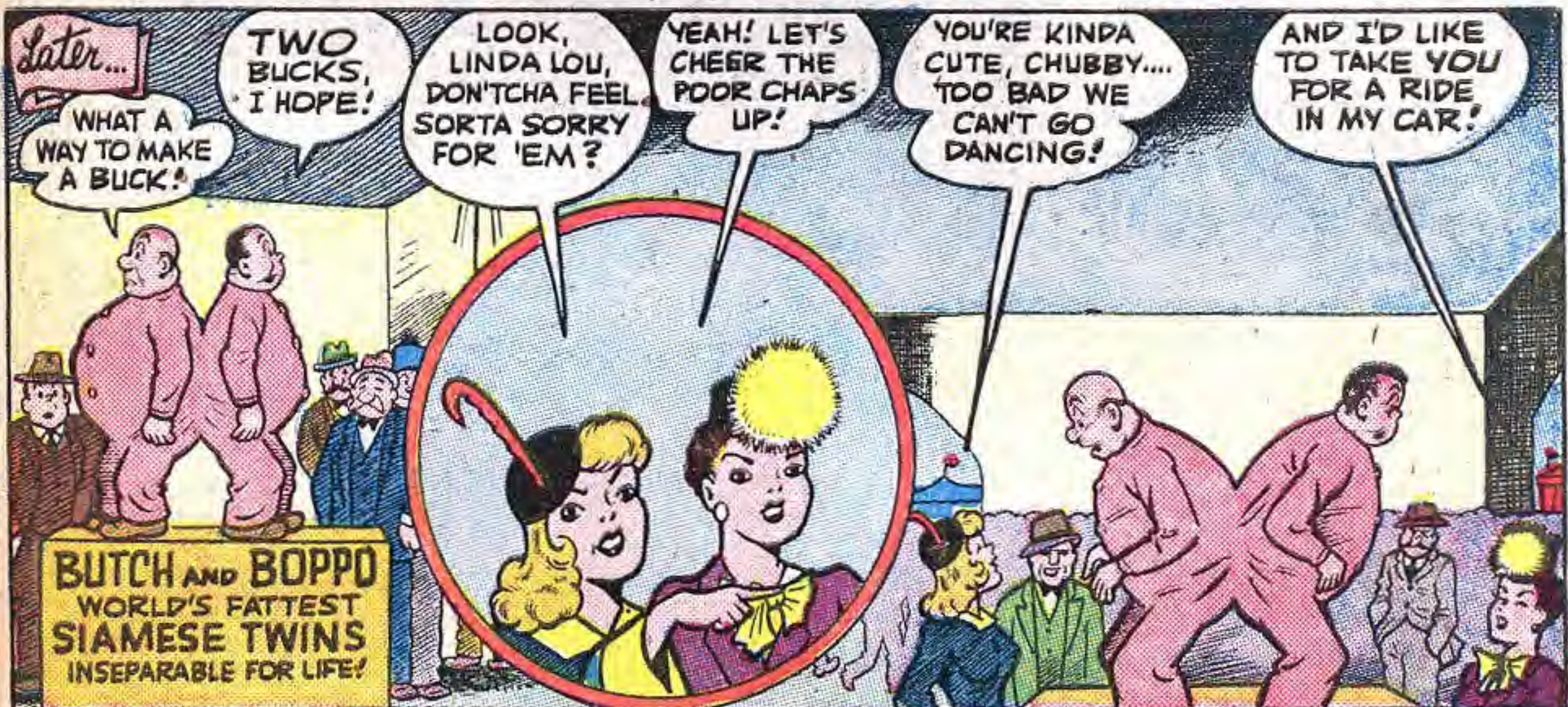
GUNS, EH? SO SUE WON'T EVEN PLAY **MUSIC** FAIRLY!

YOU'RE UP ON THAT JUDO I TAUGHT YOU, BONNIE! I'LL HANDLE THIS OTHER LUG!





BIG TOP





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of the
class!**

That's the SHELBY
with its genuine
ShockEase Fork* ...



**for smoother
riding comfort!**

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*ALSO AVAILABLE ON GIRL'S MODEL



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← IT'S FREE

It's Bobby Shelby's new book "How To Be An Expert Bike Rider" ... packed full of safety tips and hints on bicycle care and how to have more fun with your bicycle. Be sure to check both boxes if you want both Bobby Shelby's book and the illustrated catalog of Shelby models. Mail the coupon today.

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ADDRESS _____

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Send to: THE SHELBY CYCLE COMPANY
15 High School Ave., Shelby, Ohio



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until Christmas**

Send for our free catalog picturing available Shelby models in colors. Pick the one you want and put it at the top of your Christmas list ... then drop a hint to Dad by taking him to your local dealer who will be glad to show you these swell new Shelybs.



**BOYS!
GIRLS!
HURRY**

Amazing LIFEBUOY Offer

SEND FOR SENSATIONAL BOOK

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SECRETS
OF**

MAGIC

By BLACKSTONE

**WORLD'S FOREMOST
MAGICIAN**



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USE the soap that famous Champs use—men and women in all sports. Bathe daily with Lifebuoy. Refreshing? Oh boy! In tub or shower, Lifebuoy's creamy lather makes you feel good all over. Lifebuoy is grand for hands, too. Gets off grime and dirt in a flash. Cleanliness and good health, you know, go together. So use Lifebuoy every day.



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Made and Guaranteed by THE ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., Holyoke, Mass.



GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go rearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price, \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



Hi BOYS!

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one humdinger of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

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